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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

CORNHILL EDITION

VOLUME XXVI

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The old "Punch" Office in Bouverie Street

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

(NOT PREVIOUSLY REPRINTED)

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WITH THE AUTHOR'S ILLUSTRATIONS

A LIST OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1923

32213

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NOTE

Punch was founded in 1841; Thackeray first wrote for it (Miss Tickletoby's Lectures) in 1842, and in 1843 was adopted into its staff, contributing regularly and taking part in the weekly *Punch* dinners. The association continued, though in the last few years greatly interrupted and weakened, until 1854. Then he resigned definitely, disagreeing with some things in the policy of the paper, though he remained on the friendliest terms with his old companions.

The present volume was added in 1886 to the 1869 edition of Thackeray's works, for the purpose of completing it by a number of smaller *Punch* articles which had up to that time escaped collection. The words "not previously reprinted" are, therefore, of prime importance in limiting an otherwise misleading title; for all the more important of his contributions to *Punch* are found in their places in other volumes of the works,—the Snob papers, the Prize Novelists (Novels by Eminent Hands), Mr. Brown's Letters, the different ballads, and the rest. The present collection is an aftermath; and it is, and will no doubt remain, the last from Thackeray's minor writings to whose publication the authority of his representatives will be given. A few scattered reviews, etc., are claimed as his, no doubt in some cases rightly, by painstaking bibliographers; but the present volume makes the definitive edition of his works complete, with all that he or his readers could wish to see preserved in permanent form.

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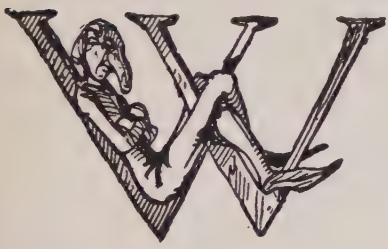
CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

(NOT PREVIOUSLY REPRINTED)

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY

A CHARACTER

(TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER CHARACTER)



E have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. ——, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment, by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt-collars more and more

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every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the Three per Cents, which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine; to assemble about him "the great spirits of the age," as he called them; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, the "Lady's Lute," then being for sale—indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead—Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the "Lute;" and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most Gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the Magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn, that the great aid of Adolphus Simcoe, Esquire, had been secured, at an immense expense, for the "Lady's Lute;" that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half-a-dozen different

styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors; and it is a known truth, that one India-paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry—he published his "Ghoul," a poem in Lord Byron's style; his "Leila," after the manner of Thomas Moore; his "Idiosyncrasy," a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth; and his "Gondola, a Venetian Lay," that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L. Then he came out with a Tragedy, called "Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons," of which the dulness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the Magazine.

Suffice it to say, that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was that, as there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, the "Lady's Lute" fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy went forth a wretched and heartbroken man.

He passed three months in Her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade robe-de-chambre, and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletoby is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the Magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the "Lady's Lute" as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologised warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems—"Lyrics of the Soul" they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of "Lyrics of the Soul" has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called "The Downy Dragsman; or, Love in Liquorpond Street." This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that, on the contrary, meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the "Globe," in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat in addition to

that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

The dinner and the money made him communicative; and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—"His blighted

opes—his withered dreams of hearly years—his 'vain hambition'" (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

"Halfred," said he, "you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so,

until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows, I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman ("'ere's to 'er,'" said he, draining his glass solemnly, "who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!"). Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

"Hever since hi've been in the ouse of that hangelic being—she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff, for me and mine; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletoby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The *Hage,* the *Hargus,* the *Hera,* hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful."

"My dear fellow, if you will write verse," said I—

"It's not verse," answered Adolphus, "it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle."

"I'll see if I can get it into *Punch,*" said I.

"Hush, *Punch!*" shouted he, "Heavens, have you fallen so low? I, write in *Punch!* Gracious powers! In *Punch*—in *Punch!*"

"Rum or brandy, sir?" said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

"*Rum,*" said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind); and, as he drank the steaming liquor, took my hand. "Halfred," said he, "tell me this one thing—does *Punch pay?* for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletoby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill."

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletoby's Lectures.

LECTURE I

WE have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring, clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked: such were the thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say that, pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English History to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the

brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3 Leg-of-Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips — (would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious) : we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character: a word now regarding Miss Tickletoby *the woman.* She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an edition; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer* AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletoby's feet.

Miss Tickletoby believes that education, to be effec-

tive, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletoby's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but, remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?

THE LECTURE-ROOM

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletoby was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings: one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside; and 'midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our* task is over. Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE

My Loves,—With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions; and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid, that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent Mamma, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's "Medulla" before me, never thought of looking to see whether "Mother Goose" was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history, too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable, odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings; learn for learning's sake; if not, I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletoby. [*Great sensation.*]

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses (Let Miss Biggs spell the word "hypothesis," and remember not to confound it with "apothecary") they are not worth consideration. For

as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's "History of England" have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's Balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papas' evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. [*"Hear, hear," from* Lord Abinger *and* Sir Robert Peel.]

The ancient Britons were of a warlike, rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by my representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait. [*Immense sensation.*]

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the opera of "Norma," which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergywomen. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the "Blue Posteses" (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of —— often do. Remember, then, Priests; singular, Priest. "Blue

Posts" (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens); singular, "Blue Post." "Breakfasts," singular—What is the singular of Breakfasts, Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don't know.

Master Smith (delighted and eager). I know.

Miss Tickletoby. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of "breakfasts."

Master Smith (clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose). The most singular breakfast *I* know is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! [Master SMITH *was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by* Miss TICKLETOBY, *who resumed her discourse.*]

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority) that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebates, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scarecrow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots,

who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock—the Lecturer made her curtsey and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.

LECTURE II

IN the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers, who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE, author of the "Ghoul," "Leila," "Idiosyncrasy," &c., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletoby's First Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain.

1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.

2. The disposition of the human mind to avoid such a study.

3. The *mystic* and the *historic:* their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonisation of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.

6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. The Ancient Britons—their costume: (8) its singular resemblances with that of the Transatlantic savage; (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. The Religion of the Britons.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood.—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the State ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws, and its education.

13. The Wars of the Britons.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—18. Fanciful simile.

19. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

20. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith—absurd blunder of the latter.

21. The Romans in Britain.—22. The character of Cæsar.

23. Of his successors.—24. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing, and not an evil.—25. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

26. The Downfall of the Roman Empire.—The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletoby to her pupils:—

Examination Paper

July 1842.

At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, superintended by Wilhelmina Maria Tickletoby.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonised; and at what period?

A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonised at the period when the colonists landed.

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul.

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?

A. Because they were *inwaders.*

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampane prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

THE LECTURE

Personages present.

Miss Wilhelmina Maria Tickletoby.
Master Spry (*a quarrelsome boy*).
Miss Pontifex (*a good girl*).
Master Maximus Pontifex (*her brother, a worthy though not brilliant lad*). } Pupils.
Master Delancey Mortimer (*says nothing*).
Mr. Desborough Mortimer (*footman in the service of* Sir George Gollop, Bart., *and father of the above*).
Miss Budge, *an assistant* (*says nothing*).
Boys, Girls, Parents, &c.

Scene as before.

The Picts, the Scots, the Danes; Gregory the Satirist, the Conversion of the Britons, the Character of Alfred.—I did not in my former Lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them, as I take it, is correct, and what is

the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans)—of reporting words that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories: *real* scandal, too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion:* for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones, giving him a great thump on the nose instead; and what was the consequence? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

To Master Spry. How did I punish you, my dear?—tell the company.

Master Spry. You kept the gingerbread.

Miss T. (*severely*). I don't mean that: how *else* did I punish you?

Master Spry. You vipped me: but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy!—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the

infancy of individuals as in that of nations: we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—[*immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present*]—how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy?

Master Spry. Is there any schools there? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

Miss T. Yes, sir, there *are* schools—and RODS.

[*Immense uproar. Cries of "Shame!" "No flogging!" "Serve him right!" "No tyranny!" "Horse him this instant!" With admirable presence of mind, however,* MISS TICKLETOBY *stopped the disturbance by unfolding her* GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE!—*of which we give the outline above.*

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation!

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin![1]

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome—but who was then a simple clerical gent, passed through the market, with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear: and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were?

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli,* that is, Angles or English.

"Angles," said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, "they are not Angles, but Angels;" and with this joke, which

[1] Albin, the ancient name of England: not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the Bar, Essex Court, Temple.

did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.[1]

Miss Pontifex (*one of the little girls*). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact; but let us hope he did: with all my heart, I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome—

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome: is it, ma'am?

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so: and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he despatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo or English Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then: but about the year 830, the King called Egbert became the master of the whole country; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe; or, at least, I cannot but

[1] Miss Tickletoby did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which, Gregory made on the occasion; they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

regret that there were no nice day schools then where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss Tickletoby *here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.*

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore—for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun—I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he: but who cares for one of them (except Harry the Fifth, and I think Shakspeare made *that* king)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sang and played in the Danes' camp?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look, when the people love a man, how grateful they are! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England, and that he was

merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when everyone else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island, until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurra! with all his heart, when he wins?

All the little Children. Hurray! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except mayhap if we get so far, to one George—

Mr. Mortimer (*aloud, and with much confidence*). George the Fourth, you mean, miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (*sternly*). No, sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON,—the *American* Alfred, sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle!—Delancey, my dear, come with me. Mem! I shall withdraw my son from your academy.

[*Exeunt* MORTIMER, Senior and Junior.

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkeys choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming these lectures.

[*Punch,* in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.]

LECTURE III

THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND

IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously

long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, it may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two Kings:—

"ÆTHELRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE"

B. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV.—XXVII.

A-reading of the newspaper | in meditation lost,
Sate Æthelred of England | and took his tea and toast;
Sate Æthelred of England | and read the *Morning Post.*

Among the new arrivals | the Journal did contain,
At Margate on the twentieth | His Majesty King Swayn,
Of Denmark with a retinue | of horsemen and of Dane!

Loud laugh'd King Æthelred, | and laid the paper down;
"Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown."
"Take care," said the Chancellor, | "*he doesn't come to town.*"

"This King Swayn," says Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,
"Sea-king as he is, | a boat-swain ought to be."
"It is none of *our seeking*," | says the Chancellor, says he.

"Let him come," said the King (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping).
"At Wapping or at Redriff | this boat-swain will be stopping."
"Take care," says Chancellor Wigfrid, | "he don't give *you* a wapping."

"I 'm certain," says wise Wigfrid, | "the Sea-king means us evilly;
Herald, go to Margate | and speak unto him civilly;
And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli."

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,
Goes by steam to Margate, | landing at the Pier;
Says he, "King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here?"

Swayn, the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,
Walk'd on the sea-beach | looking at the dippers—
Walk'd on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archæologian, as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs!), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom.

"Nay, I cannot go," said Swayn, | "for my ships are leaking."
"You shall have a fleet," says the herald, | "if that be what you're seeking."
"Well, I *won't* go, and that's flat," | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms; says that he

will make his back into a foot-ball, and employ his nose for a bell-rope; but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—two-pence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. "Well," says the Chronicler pathetically, "well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*" A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew!

A battle, as is natural, ensues; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the Royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian's ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a woolsack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas!*

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred's defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn's death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak;

however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated GODWIN (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wollstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know; and I have the pleasure to show a copy of an Anglo-Saxon drawing which is to be found in the MS., and which *never* has been seen until the present day.

[This drawing was handed round to the company by Miss Tickletoby, and excited an immense sensation, which having subsided, the lecturer proceeded to read from the same MS., Claud. XXVII., XXVIII., "The Song of King Canute."[1]]

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years
a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and
robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild
sea-shore.

[1] The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished Adolphus Simcoe, Esquire, author of *Perdition*, *The Ghoul*, editor of the *Lady's Lute*, &c.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the King with step sedate;
Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks great;
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of State.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted | straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws;
If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, | that was clear to old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleeman sung—
Once the Queen would have consoled him | and he bid her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my Royal master," | cried the Keeper of the Seal;
"Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal.
Shall I call your Grace's doctor?" | "Psha! it is not *that* I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool! that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, | prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh! I'm sick and tired, and weary." | Someone cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lacqueys turning, | quick my Lord the Keeper nodded;
Straight the King's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sunk into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," | cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd: | where is glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? | I am weary now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

"Oh, remorse! the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming | vainly to their slaughtered sires."—
"Such a tender conscience," cries the | Bishop, "everyone admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones | cease, my gracious Lord, to search;
They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother Church.
Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crown'd with minsters | which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys fill'd with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised;—
You, my Lord, to think of dying, | on my honour I'm amazed."

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, | "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a tear);
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty | and will live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit);
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, | thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and | sure His Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, | Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece; and | is not he as good as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, | "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop; | "he, a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.
Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete;
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up | did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foeman, | bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried.
"Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, | Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, | "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute look'd toward the ocean: | "Back," he said, "thou foaming brine

"From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat,
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet."

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, | falling sounding on the shore,—
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, | back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: | Parasites exist alway.

LECTURE IV

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—HAROLD—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

ING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Gravesend, I think, where the King grew so thoughtful.

[*Here* Miss T. *was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that Miss* Budge, *the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.*

Before he died, he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed —he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people to see the King's crown on the Saint's head; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the King paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded

to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonised by a Pope two hundred years after his death—his Holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat [*immense sensation*], is the only word to characterise this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by anyone who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the King was singing psalms, and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly King stayed at home in a hair-shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late King, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be[1]), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm

[1] Miss Tickletoby's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it, for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't; and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him (for the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the Battle of Hastings occurred—let me see, take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did. [*Cries of "Never mind, we've given it 'em since."*] Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletoby, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify. [*The Lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.*] But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry be-

cause the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe. [*A voice, "And no police neither."*]

Harold being dead, his Majesty King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the King managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with her Majesty the Queen, and the young princes, at one of his castles in Normandy (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young princes sitting at tea with their papa and mamma, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William and H.R.H. Prince Henry,

actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the King's eldest son.

His Royal Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that they had insulted him; that his papa and mamma favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Courthose,* which means in French *short inexpressibles,* and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befell, which while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers—of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him, sword in hand, and engaged him. Their visors were down, and they banged away at each other, like —like *good-uns.* [*Hear, hear.*]

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling

off cried "Oh, murder!" or "Oh, I'm done for!" or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognised the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The King took the horse, but I am sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However he came soon to be in a good-humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an hon-

est fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great prince and going to wage war against the French King, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great King's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shop-keepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the King's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom!

[*Much sensation, in the midst of which the Lecturer retired.*

LECTURE V

WILLIAM RUFUS

JUST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert) ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him King instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns—would you believe

it?—William treated them not one bit better than before. [*Cries of "Shame!"*]

At these exclamations Miss Ticklétoby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out "Shame!" in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame, indeed! Shame on *you,* for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all, every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion. [*The children being silent,* Miss T. *put on a less severe countenance and continued*]—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying, I have no doubt, that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight, thane, and landholder was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the King would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the King made them a speech.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have

to undergo the horrors of a sea voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. [*Cries of "Down with Robert Shorthose!" "No tyranny!" "No Normans!"*] In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery; and even if it please Heaven to crown my just cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you,* my friends? *You* will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. [*Immense sensation.*]

"Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. [*Hear, hear.*] I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not go better to pay me ten shillings apiece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army."

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down: and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a

bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the King said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the Holy City, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest, in Hampshire, which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time.

Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burnt down; orchards and cornfields he laid waste; men, women, and children he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period, our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well

as his royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of his Majesty's person and race), that, on ac-

count of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there; and one morning in the year 1100, when his Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground; the King ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast; and nobody knows who shot it: and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the King when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Short-hose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottes.* It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh? It is a fact, upon my word; and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until SQUARE-TOES came in.

LECTURE VI

HENRY I.—MAUDE—STEPHEN—HENRY II.

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem, a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown; and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches.

[*Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which* Miss TICKLETOBY *pronounced the fatal word "breeches."*

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Short-

legs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which, I take it, was no great things; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did), surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling and cleverness and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said, that they fought for the crown, like the Devil and the baker, and

sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted; and he would have done much for his country, too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—[*a blush covered* Miss T.'s *countenance with roses as she spoke*]—the subject which I am now called upon to treat is—ahem!—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the King had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who, having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—[*a great sensation in the school*]—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned, than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled, too;—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy King had to suffer.

I have said that the Queen was jealous, and, oh! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the Queen, in this in-

stance, had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned, profligate, vile, improper, good-for-nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepitied!)—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the King's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious:[1] do not people marry "for better, for worse"? Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the King married her Majesty: did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so!

[*Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that* Mrs. BINKS *looked particularly hard at* Mr. BINKS, *saying,* "B., *do you hear that?*" *and* BINKS, *on his part, looked particularly foolish.*

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us: but, my friends, it is quite clear to you, that such a connection could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took

[1] We grieve to remark that Miss Tickletoby, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletoby.

this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth: but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five and forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? [*No, no!*]

"It can't be to buy gloves," thought her injured Majesty, Queen Eleanor, "that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock:"—and she sent her emis-

saries out; and what was the consequence? she found it was not glove-making that the King was anxious about—but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and, drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. [*Cries of "Shame!"*] Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT!" [*"Hear, hear!" from the ladies; "No, no!" from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.*]

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the Princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died: nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the Queen would not have

been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops, take care never to *offend your wives.* [*Hear, hear.*] Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself;—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this Lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

"Nobody wants you, sir," said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

LECTURE VII

RICHARD THE FIRST

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—To women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The Crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch—Ascalon—Jerusalem—Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection.

THIS is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's Ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now,

I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places—and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would no doubt be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good-humour.

Master Spry. Hurra! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Wat—ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

Master Spry. Pa'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Bonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had

they come—the horrid monsters! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers—Bonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him! My loves, I would have flung myself off London Bridge first. [*Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.*]

Such—such is war! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kinds of glory; and hope for the days when cocked-hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professed to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all; as, alas! is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight; and in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,[1] and indeed historians differ about it: but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about

[1] Miss Tickletoby's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact, that an opposition academy to hers is kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes; for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an Alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous? Oh, very!

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard

came in sight of the City of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly; and the end was, that he was obliged to march back to the sea again—and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too—(as for his army, never mind what became of *that:* if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognised by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home over land, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison:—

Fancy him, in a prison dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a day; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine! There he was—a king—a great warrior—but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary! Where was his army? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them:* they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is nowadays with us, when if a prisoner were heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the gaoler's cane; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal families; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the King that he was allowed his piano; for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the

King's palace in Saint James's Street, for, you know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune; so he began that sweet one "Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y;" and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed, "Potztausend, was ist das für ein herrliches Lied?"

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing,[1] he replied at once on the piano with "Home, sweet Home."

"Hullo!" says Blondell, or Blundell, "there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up "Rule Britannia"—"When Britain feh-eh-eh-erst at He-evn's command," &c.—to which the King answered by "God save the King."

"Can it be—is it possible—no—yes—is it really our august monarch?" thought the minstrel—and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air, "Who are you?"

To which the King answered by a fantasia composed of the two tunes "The King, God bless him," and "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man"—for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by "Charlie is my Darling," "All's Well," "We only part to meet again," and, in short, with every other

[1] This settles the great question, mooted every week in the *Sunday Times*, as to the age of that lady.

tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the Parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Immense collections were instantly made throughout the country—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact, now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner; and I believe his Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself. Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to us. Fancy how glad he must have been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy his people were!—I dare say he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures? Fiddlestick!—in about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign: he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him, too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play.

[*Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which* Miss T. *retires.*

LECTURE VIII

AS it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of his late Majesty King John as briefly as possible; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the history of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakspeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, his Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid; but the truth, I fear, is, that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him, for his Royal Highness was the son of his Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful king. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes, now, which reigned and which didn't; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place

of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman [*hear, hear*]; whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholomew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and—ahem! —as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome who lived in those days was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! [*immense laughter*] then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French king's army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannised over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was king for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was, to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry's time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was, that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and

the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy:* when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy.*

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III., so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious Constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out, how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their wives; for the king, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the king in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say, that a good wife was the very best doctor in the world. Look how the great artist I employ has represented the scene!

This good queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. Being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"? But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, "At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards?"

Miss Binge. Papa calls Shakspeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What *is* a bard, ma'am?

Miss T. Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing "Poor Mary Ann" played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry. Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits? If so, mother can perform 'em very prettily. [*A laugh, which* Miss TICKLETOBY *severely checks, and continues*—]

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's—

"*Llwllwyn pdwdlwdl cwmlwm.*"—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.

"Let Wales attend! the bard prophetic said:
I. V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z."—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle: he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the king had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the

famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation—and a very cold seat it must have been

for their majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

The regular line of the Scotch kings having ended—(never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne; the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to Court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse; and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too!—after the fashion of Humphry Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. On the preceding page is one representing John of Baliol on the North road, which

must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.

The motto placed beneath the illumination by the royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

> "To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.
> I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate."

He retired, then; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

LECTURE IX

EDWARD I.—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS

SCOTCHMEN, my dears, you know are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who heard me, the millions who read me in *Punch*, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him "quidam latro publicus," a certain common thief; another, writing of his family, says he was "ex infimâ gente procreatus"—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Wash-

ington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable; in the case of these Scots especially; for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock—that he was a freebooter once—it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom. So much the more creditable to him then was it that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward; but these nobles, though they conspired against the English king, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the King's absence Wallace had tolerable success; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Cambuskenneth, a great body of the English troops. He thought,

too, to have as easy work with the king himself, when Edward, hearing of his lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the king gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents; and, being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read the History of the Scottish Chiefs, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived; in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time; and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all were accused of "sickly sentimentality," just as they are now who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of

being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he; but stern King Edward of the long shanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying

as to the side he should take; whether he should join his countrymen over whom he might possibly become king; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed; for amongst other causes he had to take sides against his country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The king, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologise as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen! these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce; but

it was not so ordained; the old King was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any barelegged Scot; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307-1327) had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear tailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it. [*Great sensation.*] As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland, too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland: but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant idle king, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that anyone should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas! that I should have to say it), an infamous disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched king's reign with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of

their quarrels they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the king was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next Lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farmhouses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poictiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. "Heaven help us!" said his Royal Highness; "it only remains for us to fight bravely."

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action, that he sent rather modest proposals to the French King, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied, that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of ac-

commodation, which idea his Royal Highness "indignantly rejected."

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off; he killed the friends who came to help the king, he drove the king's servants away; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon Heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting Heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the king was marched to supper in the conqueror's tent, the prince complimenting him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the king ought

to have won it (and so he ought, and no mistake), and that his Majesty was the "garland of chivalry." Nor would he sit down in his Majesty's presence—not he—he said he was the subject and only fit to wait upon the king (to wait upon him and rob him); so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks, and performed all the duties of his Majesty's Yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry: the king being placed on a great horse, the prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting "Long live the prince!" What humility! cry the historians; what noble conduct! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility,* the very worst sort of pride: if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings, why didn't the prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poictiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companies, had fought many a hard fight since then), died, leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Pierce by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The king gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the court, and behaved in such a way that the Parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward the Third, felt that death was coming upon him; and called his beloved Alice Pierce to come and console him ere he died. She, seeing death on his face,

took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the king's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof the priest alone had the power of saying "Amen."

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

LECTURE X

EDWARD III

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of those absurd vapouring vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for an historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality, by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Reverend John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing: yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good humour, that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—"Fair sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the blessed Virgin of Heaven, cut each other's heads off?" "I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you," replies the other; and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with plumes, and gold,

and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses covered also with gay housings and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. "A Manny! a Manny!" "Our Lady for Alençon!" says one or the other. "For the love of the saints parry me that cut, sir," says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. "Par la Sambleu, beau sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée," says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek:—and the common people go to work just as genteelly;—whizz! how the bow-strings thrum, as the English archers, crying "Saint George for England!" send their arrows forth!

Montjoie Saint Denis!—how the French men-at-arms come thundering over the corn-fields, their lances and corslets shining in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when

ENGLISHMAN WITH CLOTH-YARD SHAFT

I read the story, I fancy myself, for a moment or two, Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

[*Here* Miss Tickletoby, *seizing playfully hold of* Master Timson, *lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in an heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad—while* Master Timson, *who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.*

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the Queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the king's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than five hundred towns and villages in the South of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers, they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted. Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself king of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men.

I don't know if the French wore "wooden shoes" in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the king money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth!—a private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome the French king's armies—for the very good reason, that the latter would never meet him.

And it is a singular thing, that when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because

ENGLISH BILL-MAN

we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging, Edward's troops had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais,* charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool!), who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles into his, made their attack, and were run through the body in a minute; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to say that her Majesty, Queen Philippa, heading a small English army, caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues, killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him "in their shirts, with halters round their necks," the old chroniclers say, and as, in fact, is proved by their portraits overleaf.

The queen interceded for their lives; the monarch granted her prayer, and her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them

after six months' starvation: a comfortable meal of victuals.

"I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER," here remarked an intelligent pupil.

"Of course they must have done so, my dear," answered Miss Tickletoby; "but, for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the king and queen; indeed, as you will see by the picture, neither of them can help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut."

THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS

The company separated in immense good-humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.

(1842.)

THE END OF "LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY."

PAPERS

BY

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR

PAPERS

BY

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

I

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.—EDITOR.]

THERE were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation-book. "If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy," said Glauber, my medical man. "But Miss Twaddlings is to be at the Macwhirters' on Thursday," I expostulated, "and you know what money she has." "She'll be a widow before she's married," says Glauber, "if you don't mind.—Away with you!—Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences.—You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa—"

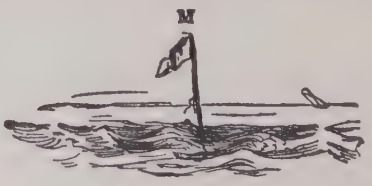
It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners; and agreed to go—

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went a few days before the blow-up.[1] I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw Lord Brougham in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly—they were all fat, and, oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. Captain Warner *wouldn't*

come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then Miss Bogle said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of Grant's "Visit to Paris."

While we were at Folthorpe's, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was this—



C *is the sea.* M *a mast sticking up in it*

[1] On July 23rd, 1844, a good deal of excitement was caused by the trial at Brighton of Captain Warner's invention for destroying ships at sea.

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion.

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. "I will go to Dover to-morrow," I said, "and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere."

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once: but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge; if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Greater London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin-palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, "No train from here, sir—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go."

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-soleil;* or to be

blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels; as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first class, of course.—I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the "Ship," under another proprietor (pray heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—"Now, GENTS, THE 'GUN'!" roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. "Take me to the 'Ship,'" I faintly gasped.

On proposing dinner, the waiter says with an air as if

he was inventing something extremely clever, "Whiting, sir? Nice fried sole?"

Mon Dieu! what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole? Having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. "You great ass," I felt inclined to exclaim, "I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new!"

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many many times—the same old tough stiff leathery tasteless choky dry toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears.

"Why do you haunt me," I said, "you *demd* old toast? What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffer torture:" and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty—and mine is sick of old toast.

"Gents" are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young "gent" was dining in the coffee-room?

"No," says the waiter.

"How is that," thinks I, "am I not a young gent my-

self?" He continues, "There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a* MIDDLE-HAGED *gent in the coffee-room.*"

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came—to her call apparently. Somebody, a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover!

Good-night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at seven for Ostend: I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at six.

II

THE SEA

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see Towzer, my tailor, of Saint James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe Towzer 203*l.*

"Good-bye, Towzer," I said. "I shall be back in four years." And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the "Mosaic Arabs," as Coningsby calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards —stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of seasickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright,

and order her darling Tommy home. I will rather publish the one on the following page.

That man is studying Levizac's grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. "Parly voo Fransis," says he, or "Pranny garde de mong tait." He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait,* he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him, and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance:—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said, with an air of immense superiority—

"*Wall,* Eliza, are ye batter noo?"

It was his wife! She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited—but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as

hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last

night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his lordship—a noble-looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, "Yes, my lord," to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet. Yet he was the noble earl, and my friend was but his flunkey.

Such is life! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

.. OSTEND: *August* 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the

resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet-bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet-bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands: six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing! Get a reading of Murray's Guide-book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower, was in the boat with fifteen trunks as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage—if you have a bag, you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine,* a teapot, and a ham—which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw—the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy—"only deeds, upon her honour"—and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares

Lady Scramjaw? Let all travellers beware, then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants! lead on!

* * * * *

I was not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants:—

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, votre passeport.

Fat Contributor. Monsieur, je n'en ai pas.

Man in the Cap. Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.

Fat Contributor. Bonjour, Monsieur (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profound coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, je vous salue.

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression?

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order champagne for dinner. It is the worst champagne I ever drank in my life: worse than champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine-merchant at the University—worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these

in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world? and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an alehouse opposite, with "HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN" over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She has a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approaches their father—a mariner—he

kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why, he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child. You see his attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint;* if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away! let us hasten to the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters!—look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two

bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires, creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandiser. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly Boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable?—depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean snug bed, and another snooze of half-an-hour?

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless

you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice and never, *never,* be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

ANTWERP

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom Lady Londonderry calls Reuben.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of Reuben (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! "What did the Noble Marquis think about Reuben?" we mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion: and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table-d'hôte,* near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha! ha!

My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and

then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—"Ha, my fine fellow! you are down." The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner: he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to hold the thunderbolts of *Punch.*

There they sit, poor simple lambs! all browsing away at their victuals; frisking in their innocent silly way—making puns, some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch.* It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife!

Come,

Gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

III

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship "Tagus," we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn "a small forgotten account." As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled.—Editor.]

AVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, George Borrow, Captain Clapperton, or Mungo Park. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the "Ariadne" steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horsehair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

"What is yonder steamer?" I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour—a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow on one mast; a blue-peter (signal of departure) at another.

"That," said the steward, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship 'Lady Mary Wood.' She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz."

I quitted the "Ariadne"—Jason did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking, it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling, in my bosom!

"Lisbon!" I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast), "Lisbon!" I exclaimed, "the *fleuve du Tage!* the orange groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra, Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?" I took another cut at the beef.

"What!" continued I (my mouth full of muffin), "is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, skimming over the dark blue sea to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the Puchera, the Muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto-da-fè,* or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to Almaviva's guitar as it tinkles beneath the balcony of

Rosina!"—"What time does the 'Mary Wood' go, waiter?" I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

"And does she make Gibraltar?" I continued. "Say, John, will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, Thomas, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by Rooke, and guarded by Eliott? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?"

"Would you like anything for dinner before you go?" William here rather sulkily interrupted me; "I can't be a-listening to you all day—there's the bell of 24 ringing like mad."

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel—tripped lightly up the ladder of the 'Lady Mary Wood.'

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. Cooke do it on the stage. "Avast there, my hearty," I said; "can you tell

me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a stowage in her?"

"I am the captain," said the gentleman, rather surprised.

"Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase."

'Twas a bank-note for 100*l.*, and the number was 33769.

IV

THE SHIP AT SEA.—DOLORES!

THE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on shipboard is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, "Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?" *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction. I am old in voyaging—I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather; if there are ladies, I manage to make some side appeal to *them,* which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, "A leetle hot sherry and water?" All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I

know that they say to themselves, "How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is!"

"It's a pity he's so fat," says one.

"Yes, but then he's so active," ejaculates another.

And thus, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow-passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example, you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the "Lady Mary Wood." I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose. Here, for

instance, is a picture of the ship, taken under circumstances of great difficulty—over the engine-room—the funnel snorting, the ship's sides throbbing, as if in a fit of ague.

There! I flatter myself that is a masterpiece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or Mr. Moon would publish a large five-guinea plate of the "main-deck of a steamer," how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of Mr. Jones, the third engineer; to the left, and running along the side of the paddle-boxes, are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of Messrs. MacWhirter and MacMurdo, of Oporto and Saint Mary's, wine-merchants; and far far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast

eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him—(it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart—you see—DOLORES!

DOLORES.—A SKETCH TAKEN IN ROUGH WEATHER

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers, or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle?—those thin open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur-glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me! that I should have to write the words *left us*

—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam-engine shook so, that—would you believe it? —the above drawing is all I could make of the loveliest face in the world!

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her, certainly; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting, deep, unfathomably deep, brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MacWhirter was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MacMurdo was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

Dolores was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made everyone around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence, and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how Dolores ate too! Our table

was served four times a day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beefsteaks, bubble-and-squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, &c., twice laid—of all which trifles little Dolores would have her share; the same at dinner when she was well; and when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be "Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir;"—"Rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin;" "Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady." And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my Dolores which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss Jones or Miss Smith making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings!

But I only saw perfection in Dolores.

V

FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA

ARE at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water—and yet—oh yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sea-sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels), why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonised frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many many hours?

I think it must be my love for Dolores that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask Frank, the steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin —she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast!—O horror!—I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I was on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha! ha! What do I want with boots and razors? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty and would not cut clean. O Dolores, Dolores!

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butcher's meat passed these lips; and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress? The following is the conversation:—

Captain. Mr. Jones, may I have the honour of a glass of wine? Frank, some champagne to Mr. Jones.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver; may I thrubble ye for another slice?

Mr. MacMurdo (of Saint Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the Proveedor get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in Saint Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. MacWhirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen. —More champagne, Frank. Mr. Bung, try the macaroni. Mr. Perkins, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for Mrs. Bigbody in the cabin, and another slice of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. Mr. Smith jocularly inquires, "How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day?" Meaning *me,* of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest Smith.

Friday.—Vigo; its bay; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.

Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. Dolores is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? Dolores is the sun, I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shining white ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My mustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for Dolores but smoke with her; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a Nelson was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early, that although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen.

It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner; by other, and I think wiser, persons simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by Don Miguel, the rightful king, who, although he had Marshal Bourmont and justice on his side, was defeated by Don Pedro and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before

appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck

for the most part, in the very attitudes here depicted by me.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service; and I wished that a better hand than mine—viz., one of those immortal pencils which decorate the columns of our dear *Punch*—had been there to take cognisance of these strange children of the South—in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of

one of whom here is the accurate portrait as he lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Jove*.

But see the same individual—ah, how changed! He is

suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt yearning for fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted. Hark! 'tis the bell for lunch!

[Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victuals; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; his spirits rise; all his faculties are restored to him, and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience may be perfectly relied upon.—EDITOR.]

PUNCH IN THE EAST

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

On board the P. & O. Company's ship
"Burrumpooter," off Alexandria.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smile in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began.—It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio: I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin Disraeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself) when I left my dear dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and canary silk lining, that the author of the "Spirit of the Age" used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight, that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast-flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return

from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect Guy. I am wasted away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this and consider it. It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar?—nonsense—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman— But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Bucksheesh Pasha's fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found to be

generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, *that for seven weeks I have never slept a wink.* It is my belief

F. C. ON GOING TO BED AT GIBRALTAR

that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea—the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy mosquito with his mellow-sounding horn—rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying. Here, for instance, is my miniature. You will see that one of my eyes was shut up temporarily, and I drew the picture by the sole light of the other.

F. C. ON GETTING UP NEXT MORNING

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented, old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the "Bull," in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steamship "Burrumpooter," I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions—but everything as neat, sweet, fresh, and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the

night-cap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white nightgown and my favourite pink silk cap on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the porthole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laughed and joked, drank champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum or Futtyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, Colonel Sourcillon, in the service of the Rajah of Lahore, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—with a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his buttonhole of course, and large black mustachios curling up to his eyes—to one eye that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

"Vous regardez ma cicatrice," said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. "Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de Frrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez-moi le poivre rouge, s'il vous plaît."

The Colonel emptied the cayenne-pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *écrrrasé un jour.* He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin—had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer,* and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw—he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-place; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

"QUI VA LÀ?" roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. "Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur: pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit? J'ai une petite santé; laissez-moi dormir en paix."

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home;

but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER II

ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST

To the Editor of Punch (confidential)

My dear Sir,—In my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS,

to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal —*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving

according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board) as current, ay, much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between Captain Tagus and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. "What's the news?" exclaimed the other Captain. "Here's *Punch*," was the immediate reply of Tagus, handing it out—and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of Leech. At Athens, Mr. Smith, second-cousin of the respected vice-consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, "I'm told we've got PUNCH on board." I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) Mr. Waddilove, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), Mr. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence—a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of Socrates and Pericles.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Lit-

tle Go; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of Themistocles—what, Sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning Sappho? Was it a thrilling ode of Alcæus? No; it was—

> "Had I an ass averse to speed,
> Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed," &c.

which you had immortalised, I recollect, in your sixth volume. (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of Hero and Leander must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in Lemprière's delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Misseri's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good; kabobs are also excellent; my friend Mehemet Effendi, who keeps the kabob shop, close by the

Rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man

can spend an agreeable half-hour. I did not hear what the Sultan Abdul Medjid thinks of *Punch,* but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burrumtollah, Chowringhee, &c. (now on their way to England per "Burrumpooter") rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej, and from the Sutlej to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch.* Dost Mahommed never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of Lord Brougham and his Scotch trousers as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch,* my informant states,

has rendered his lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked Bucksheesh Pasha (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. And at the pyramids—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilisation over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good-humour. By means of *Punch,* it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than Urquhart ever did, and to this Sir Stratford Canning can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! "Subjectis parcere, superbos debellare," be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*poste restante*—at that town.

With assurances of the highest consideration,
Believe me to be, Sir,
Your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,
The F— Contributor.

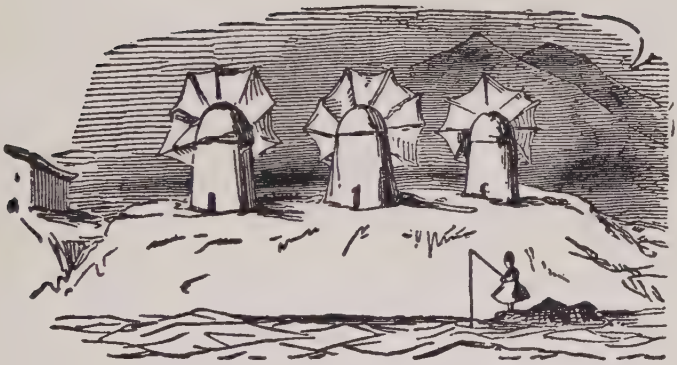
P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge,* which trifle I hope your lady will

accept for her toilette; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes,* which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at——

[This letter was addressed "strictly private and confidential" to us; but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding "the cradle of civilisation" is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public.* The news which it contains is so important and startling—our Correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer,* the *Times,* &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us,* it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a Correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold), we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation.—Editor.]

CHAPTER III

ATHENS



THE above is a picture of some beautiful windmills near Athens, not, I believe, depicted by any other artist, and which I dare say some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I dare say, with astonishing ra-

pidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as cross-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and heard him roar out praises of, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with τύπτω, I thrash"! We were all made to begin it in that way.

When, then, I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are

represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher- and beadle-belaboured—and say "there is no flogging where we are." From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish-Street Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well known in England, the famous *chevaux de frieze* being carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erechtheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of Saint James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards "Mr. Jones, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club."—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from Saint Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versâ,* I am a Dutchman. "The Tower of the Winds" may be seen any day at Edinburgh—and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of Mr. Drummond. Only in

London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The Temple of the Scotch Winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens—and as for the choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes's Lantern—from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

When I say of the Temple of Theseus (quoting Murray's Guide-book) that "it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum, and two columns between the antæ," the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye—to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Ægean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

As for the modern buildings—here is a beautiful design of the Royal Palace, built in the style of High-

Dutch-Greek, and resembling Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.

The King's German Guards (Σπιτζβουβοι) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.

The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place—and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system!

Besides Otto's palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the King drives up and down over the mangy plain before

mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal—the Folkestone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend Scratchley, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half-an-hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the Princess Badroulbadour, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with Mehemet Ali—proposals of that Prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend Bucksheesh Pasha, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures! But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like Mr. James, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my GREAT ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronisation there.

CHAPTER IV

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS

THE 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudjmudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of General Bonaparte's battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivôse of the French Republic, and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt. But I say the 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most important era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilisation; it couples the brethren of Watt and Cobden with the dusky family of Pharaoh and Sesostris; it fuses Herodotus with Thomas Babington Macaulay; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the needle of the Abyssinian Cleopatra; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous Brunel with the mystic edifice of Cheops. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches

have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

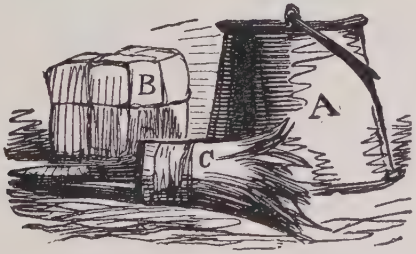
If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read Tom Macaulay in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend Mr. Milman preach in a black gown at Saint Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation;* I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in the air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to

light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank Bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return:—



A is a tin pot holding about a pint, and to contain B, a packet of flour (which of course is not visible, as it is tied up in brown paper), and C, a pigskin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about five piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.

Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed—I mean those ani-

mals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys—are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of Mehemet Ali.

My excellent friend Bucksheesh Pasha would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one. —I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the former as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never

hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs, who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way—you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus:—Cairo Gardens—Mosquitoes—Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat—Town—Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town—Rice fields—Maize fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice fields—Watercourses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumbles down again—Inundations—Herons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids. If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous.*

CHAPTER V

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS (*concluded*)

It is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs: *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce PUNCH to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camels' dung at the north-east corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo. The embers began to glow,—water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—'twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6 A.M. (by one of Dollond's chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush brought for the purpose, and Schmaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7 A.M.

At 7, THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough, Schmaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7, I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, "Let us mount." I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament—PUNCH pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilisation to Egypt—I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty; about five feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides, I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze! —With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard; then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. There was PUNCH—familiar old PUNCH—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

"Bless him!" I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along, be his size never so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount!—'tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for PUNCH, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for

thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramid.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say, in confidence, that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjuror, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Freemasons every day.

(*August* 1844 *to February* 1845.)

BRIGHTON

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER

AS there are some consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round.

Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea air. Blessings on the sea air, which gives you an appetite to eat them!

You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgeting in the drawing-room after tea; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bedroom, and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. Botibol's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace; the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment; and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière!* How Mrs.

B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think: what bachelor has a right to ask? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the Cliff —mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may hire the very fly here represented; with the very horse and the very postilion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an armchair once—and straight whity-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles,—the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on.

I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person

of weight; but last Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down; the little

postilion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked,

and shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people!

The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care.

I have seen this very day, at least—

Forty-nine Railroad Directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including

the Solicitor-General himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow mustachios. Myriads of flys, laden with happy cockneys; pathetic invalid-chairs all along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce; I saw Lady Wilhelmina Wiggin's lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half-a-crown an hour, between her Ladyship and her sister, the Princess Oysterowski.

* * * * *

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water from nine till five.

(*October* 1845.)

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent—but a bore: whereas an ode of Horace, or a song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a Drawing-room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé,* with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's

romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason, I like second-rate theatrical entertainments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—Mr. Hooper, the manager, will persist in having Stars down from London—blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the manager's purpose answered; but where does all your comfort go then? You can't loll over four benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour? To see Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights "The Commissioner" prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delec-

tation, that famous old melodrama, "The Warlock of the Glen."

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage, too; for though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this: she was no other than Adela, Countess of Glencairn; the boy in her hand was Glencairn's only child: three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, Clanronald. What was the conduct of that surviving relative? Was it fraternal towards the widowed Adela? Was it avuncular to the orphan boy? Ah, no! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit; and refusing to become Mrs. (or Lady) Clanronald, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of "Follow, follow!" resounded through the wild-wood; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slope, to the rage and disappointment of Clanronald, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman indeed! and followed by two ruffians of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor Adela was pursued by Clanronald; but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison; Clanronald swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, Mur-

doch and Hamish, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him—their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The Lady Adela is dragged to the chapel-door by the truculent Clanronald. "Lady," he says, "you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?"

"MINE CAN," cries the Warlock of the Glen, rushing in. "Tyrant and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence—know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time."

The Lady Adela's emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but Clanronald received it with contemptuous scepticism. "And where *is* this dead man come alive?" laughed he.

"HE IS HERE," shouted the Warlock of the Glen; and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown—to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn's Earl—was the work of a moment. The Countess recognised him with a scream of joy. Clanronald retired led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion) in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

(*October* 1845.)

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER

(From the Devil's Dyke)

WHEN the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us:" on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols; and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs—and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to "mark their manners, and their ways survey;" but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bed-room for five guineas a week. Mr.

Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny: he would turn his wife, his children, and his bedridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdidest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:—"Sir,—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the following scene in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead—rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the

Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and—

But *no,* I will not describe the place. Why should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice; all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Hussars, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the

messroom, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postilion who has most suffered. When the picture of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaëton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger and said, "That is he." The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference—and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flys, since my masterly representation of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures, "—— Nebuzaradan, Esquire, and family for London;" or, "Solomon Ramothgilead, Esquire, has quitted his mansion in Marine Crescent; circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;" and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives—and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

(*October* 1845.)

BRIGHTON IN 1847

BY THE F. C.

CHAPTER I

HAVE the kindness, my dear Pugsby, to despatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dulness of Wheezer, Snoozer, and Whiffler, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the sea-shore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever-dear Pugsby, when I met old Snoozer walking with young De Bosky, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half-a-dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young De Bosky, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to

me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing, in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable: he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to Mutton's the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but Wheezer, to be sure. Wheezer driving up and down the Cliff at half-a-crown an hour, with his hideous family, Mrs. Wheezer, the Miss Wheezers in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little Wheezers sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom Wheezer brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

Wheezer sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. "Hullo, my boy!" said he, seizing my trembling hand. "What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56 Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it."

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at Mrs. Muggeridge's in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three-quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flys, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less death-like; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle De Bosky, but to massacre Wheezer, too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), "That is the young and dashing Folkstone Canterbury, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*."

The crowd, sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour,

and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. "Snoozer," said I, "I will go on the Pier."

I went, and to find what?—Whiffler, by all that is unmerciful!—Whiffler, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. Whiffler, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi,* so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and why, my dear Pugsby? Who do you think approached us? Were you not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room, at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, with Mrs. G. on his arm, and—oh, heavens!—Florence and Violet Goldmore, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents.

"What! *you* here!" said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck, I may say) with his bamboo; "hang it, everyone's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square."

I looked in Violet's eyes. Florence is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in Violet's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

"As for you, De Bosky"—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither Snoozer would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence)—"as for *you*, De Bosky, you may come, or not, as you like."

"Won't I," said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to Mr. Goldmore's in the same fly.

CHAPTER II

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Guttlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear brown soup,—none of your fllthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate,—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable.*

On this day, sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dulness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for

the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety-oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy's new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trousers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

"Delightful man!" said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend, Mrs. Goldmore.

"Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?" replied that admirable woman.

"What a flow of spirits he has!" cried the charming Violet.

"And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair," sighed Florence. "It is always so: the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy," she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up, the first of the gentlemen, to tea.

"Clever fellow that," said (as I am given to under-

stand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. "I liked that notion of his about *croquignoles à la pouffarde:* I will speak to Moufflon to try it."

"I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow," the Director remarked, "what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be."

"Where did he serve?" asked Bangles. "If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain De Bosky, what he said about pontooning the échelons, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah? Gad, sir, if that manœuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped:"—in which case of course Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered up.

"Ah, hum, haw," said he, "were you out *raiding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw?"

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who has no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe; how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to Mahomet Ali; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

"Do join us in our ride to-morrow," cried Violet; "the Downs are delightful."

"Fairest lady, to hear is to obey," answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, Sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair—and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in Brunswick Square. There was young Goldmore—the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer,* in a word. Major Bangles and lady were also of the party: in fact, we were "a gallant company of cavaliers," as James says in his novels; and with my heels well down,

and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, sir, like the Marquis of Anglesea. I had the honour of holding Violet's little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. "I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables," says he; "I can't hold this horse—will you ride him, Canterbury?" His horse was a black, wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha of Trebizond? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair, and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

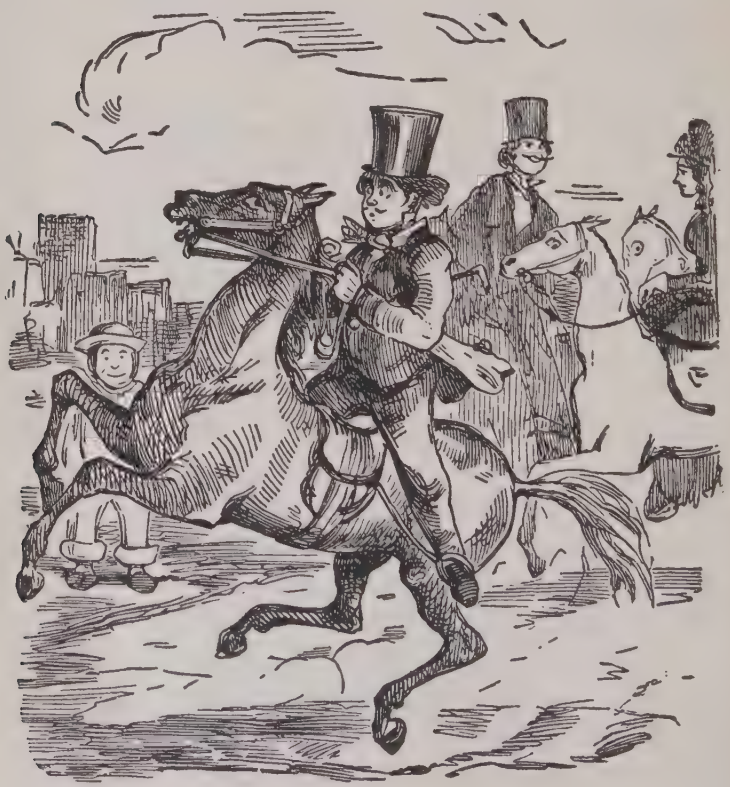
Well, sir, off we set,—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at Miss Pogson, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall-door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards, so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the steaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz. The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the cornfields—away

by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. Oh, Pugsby! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about 540 miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.



In a minute Bangles came up, bursting with laughter, "You can't manage that horse, I think," said the Major, with his infernal good-nature. "Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast."

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on Bangles's hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and De Bosky rode up.

"Is that the way you broke the Pasha of Trebizond's horse?" Violet said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in De Bosky's side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

(*October* 1847.)

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

(ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY)

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

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MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE

From the Door Steps.

SIR,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—HUNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without pickles,—*icy* cold, for 'twas grudged by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him and by all the world I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

I need not ask if you know my work, "Illustrations of

Aldgate Pump." All the world knows it. It is published in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say Nobility?—Kings, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription list. Bavaria's Sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon!* It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarroti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the "Illustrations;" but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beefsteak to my lips, any day of the week; and "Fine words," as the poet says, "butter no parsnips." Parsnips!—I have not even parsnips to butter.

His Majesty Louis-Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our Ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our Ambassador, offered the author of the "Illustrations" the choice of the

Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the *officier d'ordonnance* who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal good-will. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of *one artist for another,* my own identical piece of INDIA-RUBBER."

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy Lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him

eating cold mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond box, and returning to my humble home greedily opened the packet he had given me.

Sir, he kept the box and *gave me the india-rubber!* 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond Hill?

I send you a couple of designs—they are not humorous, but simple representations of common life—a lovely child—a young and modest girl, and your unhappy servant, are here depicted. They were done in happier times, and in Saint James's Park. The other is the boy,

MASTER ROB ROY MACGREGOR JONES

I paid for the beer which she is drinking in a tavern (or "clachan," as I called it in compliment to the Highland garb of the little smiling cherub, who burnt his fingers with a cheroot which I was smoking) near Pimlico. 'Twas a balmy summer eve, and I had beer, and money. But the money is gone, and the summer is gone, and the beer is gone—when, when will they return?

Heaven bless you! Send me out something, and succour the unhappy

ALONZO SPEC,
HISTORICAL PAINTER.

(*February* 1843.)

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by his Highness the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th:—

"The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked;* and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest."

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN

The undersigned Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks *Punch,* Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let *Punch,* let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of

Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies, perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask.

"SHERRY, PERHAPS,"

is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country).

"RUM, I HOPE,"

he adds, while with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But, ah! Englishmen! fancy his agonising feelings on withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of "The Cowboy of Kennington Common," or "The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville."

"TRACTS, BY JINGO."

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the contumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British captains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, having tampered with the bottle depart-

ment, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

The hand of the faithful General Nogueras has executed the designs which accompany this Bando, so as to render its contents more intelligible to the British public; and, in conclusion, his Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

(Signed) BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

REGENT'S PARK: *December 7th.*

(*December* 1843.)

THE GEORGES

AS the statues of these beloved Monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have been favoured by a young lady (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick.

George the First—Star of Brunswick

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

George II

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit:
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

George III

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George:

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

Georgius Ultimus

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham;
And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

(*October* 1845.)

TITMARSH v. TAIT

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine*. What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own: and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against criticism of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

But there is a passage in the *Tait* criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows:—

"In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Frith of Forth, or Clyde" [this "even" is very *naïf* and fine], "or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on

coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh. . . . We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces."

This latter suggestion I complain of, as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who *"sends round his hat,"* that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not "crimped" by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for their amusement, nor rewarded with silver spoons by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay

for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, &c.; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea, or to pay your tavern-bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinists; but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

If the critic himself is a man of letters, and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur;—I think he must be a professional man of letters. It is only literary men, nowadays, who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such, is, my dear Mr. PUNCH, the humble prayer of

Your constant reader and fellow-labourer,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

BLUE POSTS: *March* 10, 1846.

(*March* 1846.)

ROYAL ACADEMY

NEWMAN STREET: *Tuesday.*

DEAR PUNCH,—Me and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday, agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice—as our pictures wasn't admitted.

So we followed about some of the gents, and thought we'd *exhibit the Exhibitors;* among whom we remarked

as follows. We remarked Mr. Sneaker, R.A., particularly kind to Mr. Smith, a prize-holder of the Art-Union. N.B. Sneaker always puts on a white Choaker on Opening Day; and has his boots *French pollisht.*

Presently we examined Mr. Hokey, a-watching the effect of his picture upon a party who *looks* like a prize-holder of the Art-Union. Remark the agitation in

Hokey's eye, and the tremulous nervousness of his high-lows. The old gent looks like a flat; but not such a flat as to buy Hokey's picture at no price. Oh no!

Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent,* Orlando Figgs, who drew in our Academy for ten years. Fancy

Figgs's delight at finding his picture on the line! Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician.*

The next chap we came to was Sebastian Winkles, whose *profound disgust* at finding his portrait on the floor you may *imadgin*. I don't think that queer fellow

Peombo Rodgers was much happier; for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

But the most *riled* of all was Hannibal Fitch, who found his picture wasn't received at all. Show 'em all

up, dear Mr. PUNCH, and oblige your constant reader,

MODEST MERIT.

(*May* 1846.)

A PLEA FOR PLUSH

BELGRAVIA: *July* 1, 1846.

DEAR SIR,— Having observed on several occasions in your paper a tone of kindly feeling expressed towards the Jeameses of the metropolis, I desire to call the attention of the public, through your means, to an instance of excessive cruelty which is daily practised by a heartless Duchess, who resides in this parish, towards several of the finest specimens of humanity which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

You must recollect, Mr. PUNCH, the state of the thermometer during the past month—generally between eighty and ninety degrees in the shade. Well, Sir, during the whole of that fiery season, the merciless woman whom I am anxious to expose kept four of her fellow-creatures daily encased in close-fitting garments of *scarlet* plush!!! They wear them still.

It makes my heart bleed to witness the protracted sufferings of these large plethoric men; one of them a Hall Porter, of mature age and startling obesity. There they stand, on the steps before the street door, making

passers-by wink and nursery-maids blush at the splendour of their attire—white, scarlet, and gold—perspiring exceedingly, and irritated to madness by the bluebottle flies and impudent little boys of the vicinity, who unceasingly exclaim, with exasperating monotony, "I say, Blazes, vy don't you buy a Wenham 'frigerator?"

I have ascertained with grief, Mr. PUNCH, that these unfortunate men have little or no hard work to do, that all their messages are performed by deputy; they get their five meals a day—with beer—regular, besides snacks, and I feel convinced, that if the hot weather lasts, unless they are indulged with some light genteel occupation, and the nankeen shorts (which have latterly been introduced with great success by several benevolent ladies of rank in the neighbourhood), the wretched creatures will inevitably be struck down by apoplexy on the hall steps on which they are so barbarously exposed every day from two till seven.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Φιλοφλυνκης.

[We readily give admission to our correspondent's benevolent remonstrance in behalf of the injured Plush family. But if he had seen, as we did, at the Duchess of Douche's *déjeuner* (where the rain came down in torrents, and the breakfast was served under a macintosh marquee), the dripping condition of several of the nobility's footmen who sported the new summer nankeen lower uniform, *Φιλοφλυνκης* would acknowledge, that in our variable climate PLUSH is, after all, a better stuff than nankeen for the breeches of a British footman.—EDITOR.]

(*July* 1846.)

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION

SIR,—

MY three pictures, from "Gil Blas," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and from English History (King John signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of Bladders, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint—I have lost 1,500*l.* as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee: indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success.* I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless,* were kept, by *conspiracy,* from the Exhibition.

Mr. Pickersgill is marked first; and I have nothing to say,—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of King Harold—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be

more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that King Harold *is buried at last;* and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more,* which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think Mr. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of "Boadicea," who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the "Norman Victim."

Mr. Watts, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that this figure was supposed to represent King Alfred standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to

go to sea and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean—or *ultra-marine,* as I call it. This is another of your five-hundred-pounders; and I must say that this King of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the "Queen of the Iceni" was not present.

They talk about air in pictures; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the royal hair off his Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

By the way, there is an anecdote which I met with in a scarce work regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the king sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes,* he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer.* The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped and in flames, the *incensed harridan,* the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my "Boadicea" is off the easel.

With respect to the third prize—a "Battle of Meeanee"—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British lion mild and good-humoured, as Signor Gam-

bardella has depicted him (my initial is copied from that artist); not fierce, as Mr. Armitage has shown him.

How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! *"He's giving him his gruel,"* I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give 500*l.* for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the Government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if Mr. Armitage will

walk to my studio, and look at my "Battle of Bosworth Field," he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like Mr. Cooper's "Waterloo," where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the "Historic Muse."

So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed), that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does Mr. Cope mean by his picture of "Prince Henry trying his Father's Crown"? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. "Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard," is a work of some merit—but why kings, Mr. Cross? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts save under the purple? Does sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have Queen Emma walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes—her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt, Mrs. Growley, I know did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for.*

Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the "Birth of the First Prince of Wales" (my subject, again); there is the "White Ship going down with King Henry's Son aboard;" there is "King Henry being informed of the Death of his Son by a little Boy;" "King

Charles (that odious profligate) up in the Oak" (again my subject). Somebody will be painting "Queen Boadicea" next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

Then there are Allegories.—Oh! allegories, of course!

Every painter must do his "Genius of Britannia," forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom Mr. Moore has represented as talking to Sir Robert Peel's friend, and the

founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, Mr. Julius Agricola) down to the Duke of Marlborough in jack-boots,

and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which, I regret to say, there is very little costume indeed.

There are "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise," with the birds of Paradise flying out too. There are "Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture," none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is "Shakspeare being educated by Water Nymphs" (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the "Delphin Classics," I suppose.

Did the painter ever see my sketch of "Shakspeare"? Is the gentleman who has stripped "Commerce" and "Agriculture" of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, Mr. PUNCH, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

I remain, your obedient Servant,

GROWLEY BYLES.

(*July* 1847.)

"PUNCH" AND THE INFLUENZA

AT the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apothecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to Mr. PUNCH to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty; and, though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when Mr. PUNCH himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First—

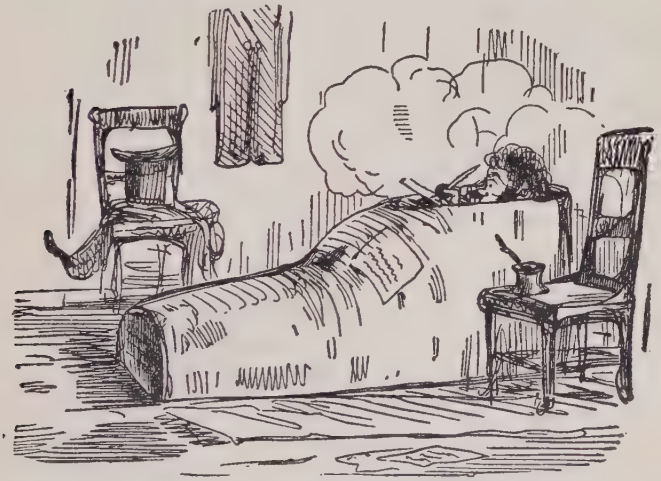
That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J–nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany), appeared in the above attitude. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J–nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J–nes.

J–nes's manuscript secured, it became Mr. PUNCH's duty to hurry to Sm–th for his designs. Sm–th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm–th, the artist's wife, told Mr. PUNCH that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment,

Mr. PUNCH, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bedchamber. And what did he see there?

Sm–th at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore-throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him) was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a bank-note of immense value, Mr. PUNCH laid it down on Mr. Sm–th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br–wn, in a word—who was found as follows:—



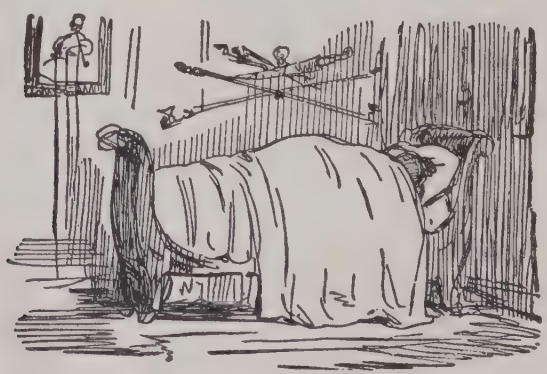
Yes, he was in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognise in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ill and seemingly on the point of dissolution; but his gaiety never deserted him.

"You see I am trying to get the steam up still!" he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching that Mr. PUNCH, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £. *s.* *d.* upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his Contributors whom Mr. PUNCH visited on that day was the Fat One. "Nothing will ever ail *him,*" Mr. P. mentally remarked. "He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, &c., &c.; every disease, in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever."

Mr. PUNCH called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw—what?



An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All Mr. P. could see of the con-

tributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to Mr. PUNCH's interrogatories.

"Come, F. C., my boy," said Mr. P. encouragingly, "everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan, this week; and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech."

There was no reply, and Mr. PUNCH reiterated his remark.

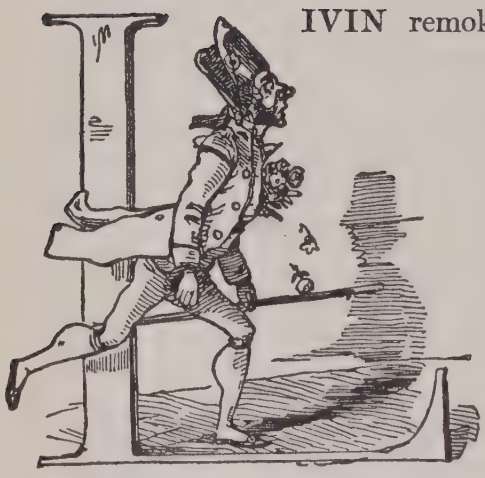
"Archdeacl Alstey—ald PULCH—ald everyol bay go to blazes," moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed PUNCH in the sad days of the Influenza.

(*December* 1847.)

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN

BY MR. JEAMES

I



IVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, politticle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favourite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the conwulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I

don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to sckewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Hangelina (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold), and in case Grimb Deth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf be-Hind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tide down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshun of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the "Wheel of Fortune Otel." I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infligted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverything sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid rephuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitible roof of Jeames Plush of the "Wheel of Fortune." Some has

already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif, by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops), he was called Cantyberry—his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammer-cloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive. Every person of the extableshment called him "Sir," his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiwated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord. until such time

as his body-suvn't called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadences of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury famly, residing Rue Rivuly, at Parris. He was rispected there—that Cantyberry is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerrry, being so ableegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinard, in the Fobug Sang Jermang, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny,* and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang,* and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "Veevly liberty," "*Amore* Lewy-Philip," &c.—"Git out of the way there," says Cantyberry, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out, "Ah Bah l'Aristograt!"

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was

called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she; "Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco, Lady Kicklebury, je vay diner avec Munseer d'Eppynar;" and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down the next street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hoffered the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "Miladi, il faut des cendres;" which means, you must git out.

"Mway ne vu pas, Moi Lady Kicklebury," cries out my lady, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"Il le fo pourtong," says the Pollypicnic scholard: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this

time, and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

"Descends, mong gros!" cries the mob (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un"); "come off your box, we're goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "Jammy, Dammy!" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—*his* carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses: ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

II

INS last weak the Deaming of Revalution has been waiving his flamming sord over France, and has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redy-money prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevral of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill

treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy: when Chawls Garters, late Etendant in the famly of the Duke of Calymanco in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—Madamasell de Calymanco, the Duke's only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por Chawls, and have procured the

consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. Madymasell was sent to a Convent; and Chawls dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in adwance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

Frederic Legs also moved us deaply; we call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint had nearly projuised his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French Peuple pursewing every Henglish livary, Frederick (in suvvice with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for Frederick—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Rebublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole Chawls by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment; and as for Frederic, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In

a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. "On the contry now is the time," I said, "for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Brittannier.

"The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the Prince of Bovo, at Parris, and of Lord Y Count Guttlebury, in this country.

"At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. 'Serviture,' says the Prince, 'Veeve la liberty; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France.' The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

"But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), landores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how, I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling?

"Lord Ycount Guttlebury's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splender of his lodships enty-

tainments is well known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand diferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Politticle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleap myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my Lord Guttlebury's was his dinner.

"He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann Munseer Suprême. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under Supraym were three young aidycongs: a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the City, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

"He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F: and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was I'm sure always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtcry which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of Supraym and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

"Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my lord's

chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a conwulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy) my lord's face ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

"The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R——l P-ss-n-dge was dining with his loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

"Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinnion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

"It wasn't badd. Baster has tallint of no mien horder. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jenny-squaw,* constatutes the diffrants between talint and Genus—and my lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the ontrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his din-

ners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

"Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art.* He didn' know how fond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—how nessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony of which he is a naytif, last weak without saying a word to his frends with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The sean between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan."

"The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster—and this is all he has gained by his insidjus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

"No, my friends," I concluded; "if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, it's not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world."

I trust that my little remarks pazyfied some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.

(*April* 1848.)

IRISH GEMS

FROM THE "BENIGHTED IRISHMAN"

OUR TROOPS having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher Clarendon and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the Annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of Brian Boroimhe such days of peace, plenty, and civilisation shall not have been known, as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and

shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism, and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz. by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill-fortune) should starve, than multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island: and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason: arguing, that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an

aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker; for, are not men *men,* whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And the land being unencumbered, you will have the further advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathises with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered, than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live-stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we shall never want henceforth; and while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of

reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed moneymongers now vend them.

FROM THE "UNITED IRISHWOMAN"

The Duties of our Women.

In the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shillyshallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather: if a footman, why not a private soldier? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him; send the dish-cover with it; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second story. And the children's washing-tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us, if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye!

(*April* 1848.)

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH

MY DEAR SMITH,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character, that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

All our difference, my dear sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excellences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. "Why," said you, "did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the King did not suffer at all?" Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And, indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal (in which her "old cousin," Louis-Philippe, announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once, as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made "my poor Montpensier" so unwell.

But if the privacy of royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsman not stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed

alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

"The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse."

Gracious Goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same, over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials—as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashymaboo's cocked-hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

When the procession of the sponsors and her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *chorale* was performed—such a *chorale* as was seldom presented to an infant before:—

"In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
Oh, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved!
So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways."

Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to, or diminish, the splendour of the Throne? Is it true, that if, in "the morning of youth," the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to "encompass all her ways"? Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like, than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

And I say that we are, Mr. PUNCH and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which his Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

"Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education." (*Cheers.*)

Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. "These are imperial words, and worthy kings." There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing Master, or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to Mr. PUNCH and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!

(*May* 1848.)

YESTERDAY: A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL

BY A LADY OF FASHION

"The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's on Monday night."—*Morning Paper.*

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of Lord and Lady de Booterstown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beauteous: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his Commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on

his appointment, on the birthday of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

Frederica nearly fainted with pleasure when her Lionel presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming new uniform. "My military duties now call me," said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. "But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in Lady Smigsmag's Quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu!" Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love,* Lionel hastened to join his regiment at *Kn-ghtsbr-dge.*

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-Chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. "Up, Cavaliers!" said the noble de Gizzard, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. "Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!" Calling his battle-cry, Lionel laced on his morion; his trusty valet-de-chambre placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the

Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the National Anthem of Britons.

Lionel's mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. "Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath," she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds,* emblazoned with the crest of the De Bootses). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk night-cap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. "May my soldier sleep well," she exclaimed mentally, "till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!"

Frederica, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her Lionel, "*Ah,* Crinolinette," she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, "Ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!"

Lionel slept not on that night—not one wink had the young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleaguered Policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere Lionel's sword gleamed. In the thick of the *mêlée* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. "Oh," thought he, "that I could measure steel with Fussell, or could stand for five min-

utes point to point with Cuffey!" But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when Colonel Gizzard sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young De Boots.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though Lionel, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water-gruel and lay down for half-an-hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of Frederica! "To-night I shall see her," he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for Frederica, consisting of the rosy Magnolia, the delicate Polyanthus, and the drooping and modest Sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and Lionel, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young Apollo as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. "Confusion," said the gallant Gizzard, "the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth." The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry, that Lionel only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour Frederica was looking out of the left window at Almack's, waiting for Lionel.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah! 'twas a piteous night!

Frederica was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier; her Lionel, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. L—c—ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved: but, ah me! for the recruits! Lionel was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! "Mamma! Frederica!" he shouted—

* * * * *

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the De Bootses, the other the lozenge of the Alycampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. Lionel and Frederica were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of Morison's Universal Pills, instead of the vile medicine with which "the Faculty" killed them?

(*June* 1848.)

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

AMONG the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

"*To* His Roil Highness the Chanslor, *and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge.*

"Tom Spring's.

"Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Royl Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

"I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

"I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them

fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

"I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with; and that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

"I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

"Peraps I could not stand up before Dr. Biggwhigg and Dr. Squartoes in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

"Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the mufflers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwursaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

"The Cribb Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

"With the deepest respect,

"Your Royal Highness's obeadient to command,

"Benjamin Bendigo."

From PROFESSOR SOYER

"PALL MALL.

"MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!—It has been universally allowed by most nations, that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

"I agree with the poet Solon in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt, it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

"Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

"May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Royal University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

"Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical,

it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

"Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

"Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

"I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce, —I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like Saint Augustin, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cot-

tage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourer's soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah! honoured Prince, and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the *Times* could toss a pancake!

"And ah! gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

"And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself,

the First Professor of Cookery in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

"Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen,

"The profound Servant,

"CORYDON SOYER."

(*November* 1848.)

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called "Authors' Miseries" will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Par-

thenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of Hamlet, the royal orrery and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer—I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

"L. A. HUGGLESTONE

"ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?

"Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission *2d.*, Children *1d.*"

I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart

that our Jemmy should have heard his father so slightingly spoken of by Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping

part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, "that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation." The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about Plato at all; and preferred scalloped oysters to that controversy.

I submit that, in this case, both parties were right,—Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer—of our scalloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum, or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel,* how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honourable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baal-

bec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own Travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, "the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilisation, the Pharos in the Storm which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful," as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting,—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, Mr. PUNCH; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going

to give a grand *soirée,* which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious "to secure the leading literary talent."

Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want "to secure literary talent"? Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep, at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators—whom it is a privilege for any community to hear—but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of So-and-so, and to hear Lord This, or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilisation, and that the learning of the ingenuous arts, as the Latin bard

had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

Advance, civilise, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?

Yours, dear Mr. PUNCH, most respectfully,

LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE.

(*December* 1848.)

PARIS REVISITED

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN

REVERED PUNCH, — When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time? —Louis Napoleon may be Emperor, or Louis Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours' residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of

night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with The Traveller on board went grinding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, the waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, the traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer "Vivid," commanded by the intrepid and polite Captain Smithett; and the Mails presently coming off in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the "Vivid" at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour —so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the "Vivid," Captain Smithett caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel,

and declared we would write to the *Times;* but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus-driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the Saint Pierre Station of the railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away!

At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the Opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing "Cari luoghi"? Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable Mrs. PUNCH, you don't see how tall Jacky and Tommy grow, and how old—(for the truth must out, and she is by no means im-

proved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved Lutetia, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the station, was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carroty hue most warlike and remarkable) that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Débarcadère; some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked was the Revolution begun? "No," the omnibus conductors said, laughing, "everything was as quiet as might be:" and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door he put his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks "Who is there?"—of course some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road; in the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here?—of the stalls and the carts and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng?

Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about: or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace that used to look so splendid in former days, stretches out its great gaunt wings and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching out with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets: pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads, one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, Mr. PUNCH, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring

twined round them; bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabouts, ostriches, and birds of paradise—

> "Once in their *bows*
> Birds of rare plume
> Sate in their bloom,"

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, Sir; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops —you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the shops facing the Palais Royal proper are closed down the whole line.

As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more—a couple of thousands of them, I should say—were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a

noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square; the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of Chevet, Véfour, and the Trois Frères. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed.* The game looked very handsome at Chevet's, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer *looking* truffles than those in the baskets in Véfour's window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

(*February* 1849.)

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children: we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, Sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres,

and have come away amazed at the cynicism of the people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man you would be, Mr. PUNCH, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate JUDY!

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all; when France, in the piece called the "Foire aux Idées," says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house. The Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays, which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and, strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old Paul de Kock, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, Mr. Punch, or the end of Frenchmen? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There was something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of "God save the King" set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of "La Propriété c'est le Vol," we had the honour to see Adam and Eve dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither Eve nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves; and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of lorettes and bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the "Foire aux Idées," there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the "Mystères de Londres," and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked-hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design; which was to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his lordship had organised a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the Night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your swell mob, your Saint Giles's men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged banknotes, and uttered the same, thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city; the jewellers

sold sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and led them on to ruin; the physicians called in to visit their patients, poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions; the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged; and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with—Themis was bribed on her very bench; and even the Beefeaters of the Queen (one shudders as one thinks of this) were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of Lady Brompton, the special favourite of his Grace Prince Dimitri Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, his Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been his Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen! The theft was committed in the most artful manner. Lady Brompton came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. Suzanna (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket; the pages were changed; the jewels were taken off Lady Brompton's neck in the ante-

chamber of the palace; and his Grace Prince Tolstoy was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of Saint James, the Beefeaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the Countess of Derby, the Lady Campbell, the Lord Somebody, and the Honourable Miss Trevor, after whom the Archbishop of Canterbury came. Oh, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, Monsieur Paul Féval, known for some time to the literature of his country as Sir Francis Trollope, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; Lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs; and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of Mr. PUNCH.

These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these*.

(*February* 1849.)

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows me of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously

bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

I rejoiced, Sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br–wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one,—solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"Monsieur will dine at the *table-d'hôte?*" the *laquais de place* said at the hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place.* My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table-d'hôte?*—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? "Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day, sir;" which, as

the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, "I never dine at *table-d'hôte,* except at an extremity."

I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Véry's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between sherry and madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

What I like, is to sit at a restaurant alone, after hav-

ing taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half-an-hour previous, to muse well over the *carte,* and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine—who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour;* and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans*—with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine—not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little radish,—you crunch and relish; a little radish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch—when lo! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality: and our business transacted and

our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robinson, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

"Where are we to dine, Tom?" says I. "What is the crack restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards."

"Oh, hang restaurants," says Tom—"I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me."

There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges —and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

"Dev'lish good dinner," says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce—and cayenne pepper, from Fortnum and Mason's.

"Donnez du sherry à Monsieur Canterbury," says Tom Dash to François his man. "There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it."

They poured me out sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked: I had leg of mutton and potatoes,

and finished dinner with Stilton cheese: and it was for this that I have revisited my dear Paris.

"Thank you," says I to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. "This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?"

Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say we had not port wine, but claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

Meanwhile, our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he, too, was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

"I have but Saturday," says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you," cries out Tom Dash; "and made a dinner expressly for the occasion."

And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beefsteak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank sherry; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

Your very obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*:—"Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible."

(*March* 1849.)

HOBSON'S CHOICE

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN-SERVANT

I

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Captain Budge, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, Albert, named in compliment to a gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age,—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed Phillis of a parlour-maid, in a nice fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap: and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall, or an old-clothesman's shop; so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump,* with a dirty cap and black hands. I say

I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my Anna Maria under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, Albert, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop; one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots; and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, Mrs. Captain Budge, Mrs. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her—and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature—came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling Albert's birth, *Anno Domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, Mrs. Captain B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved *in a humble sphere,* viz. in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of Mrs. Captain B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids; the rough below-stairs work of knife and shoe-cleaning being done by Grundsell, our greengrocer's third son.

But though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good; yet I think that without Mamma my wife would not have had those tantrums,

may I call them, of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an Albert was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called Emma Buck, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day Anna Maria came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and Emma bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed Anna Maria's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, Mrs. Captain B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo," says I, "my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street" (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"That—that—woman," gurgles out Mrs. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and Mrs. Captain B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, Emma?" I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, Emily, through the scarlet fever.

"Emma! don't say Emma in that cruel audacious way, Marmaduke—Mr. Ho—o—obson," says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers

and my fathers). "You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!"

"Oh, Hobson, Hobson!" says Mrs. Captain B., wagging her head.

"Confound it"—("Don't swear," says Mamma)—"Confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl Buck, Buck, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed Emily through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her—"

"Yes; and when *you-oo-oo come home from the club,* Marmaduke," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see Anna Maria? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and a girl, were at school)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* Emma would have had to wait upon me?

Not one morsel of chicken would Anna Maria eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce). She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, Mrs. Captain B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for Boker, our medical man. Boker saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated Mrs. Captain B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take

an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after his Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know, my good fellow," says Boker, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, Hobson, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says Boker, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Taylors together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well, then," says he, "Hob my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"Boker," says I, "Mrs. Captain Budge is a lady who must not, at least in *my* house, be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says Anna Maria is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from Anna Maria (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that Boker

had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised, and took another medical man. And as for Emma Buck, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little Emily, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to Emma, and she told her grandmamma: who would have related all to Anna Maria, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "Marmaduke, have you any sovereigns to give away?" &c.

After Emma Buck came Mary Blackmore, whose name I remember because Mrs. Captain B. called her Mary Blackymore (and a dark swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor Mary Blackmore was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) Mrs. B. saw everything that was passing at the door as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After Blackmore came another girl of Mrs. B's own choosing: own rearing, I may say, for she was named Barbara, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late Captain Budge was quartered, in command of his company of marines. Of this girl Mrs. B. would ask questions out of the "Catechism" at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a Tom would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, Miss Barbara very quickly became a dressy, impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's

and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, Barbara was sent back to her mother, and Mrs. Budge didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history it is not necessary to particularise —the latter was uninteresting, let it to suffice to say; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as Grizzel Scrimgeour, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out. "Marmaduke," Mrs. Captain B. said to me one morning, after this Grizzel had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread; "women servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and in families of a certain rank a manservant commonly waits at table. It is proper: it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes: and *we* are of those classes. In Captain Budge's lifetime we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable: your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the West of England; you have

connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs and known in the fashionable world; and (though I shall never speak to that man again) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. *He* keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor Anna Maria occupying an inferior position in society to her sister Frederica, named after the Duke of York though she was, when his Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said—"

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, "have a man, if you like, ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, Mr. Hobson," she replied with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

II

PETER GRUNDSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth with his pale cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us: the knives and shoes of my domestic circle

were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock; he did odd jobs for the cook; he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at St. Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle:—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. Mrs. Captain Budge then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from Peter to Philip, as being more genteel; and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who, I should think, could *protect herself* very well; but when Philip had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without Philip after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening without that boy on the box of the cab.

Mrs. Captain B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend to; but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which *I* never could indulge in), so that they were never

called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck—*sua si bona nôrint,* as we used to say at Merchant Taylors; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency: they need not be robbing their employers or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk Raddles has a hundred and twenty a year and eight children; the Reverend Mr. Bittles, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good elegant *angel*[1] of a Mrs. Bittles ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths; and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water, which the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead on a Sunday evening:—I say, I, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

[1] I say this, because I think so, and will *not* be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye; but a more elegant woman *I* have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera.—M. H.

Well, then, this young Philip being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle—on which or on a sack in his father's potato-bin, he used to sleep—and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress from the little dummy in Holborn (a bargain of Mrs. Captain B.'s), which was always a tight fit, grew tighter and tighter; as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians, the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam-pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawob of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which, I must confess, I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it), the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers

of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punchbowl my Anna Maria was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual

hour: then he was a little later: at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (Mrs. Captain B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed)—in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until, my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. But Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was "Philip, you are a fool;" "Philip, you dirty wretch;" "Philip, you sloven," and so forth, all dinner-time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, Mrs. Captain B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and Master Philip stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash,* which, though it wasn't *in my crockery,* did Master Philip's business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down,—and what should she find?—Master Philip, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old Mother Budge goes!" And pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. Captain B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now, Philip, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing,

lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" &c.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business; for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after Philip had left us; and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy Augustus was something like him, and he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, Augustus Frederick York Budge, a midshipman on board the "Hippopotamus" frigate, Captain Swang, C.B. (*I* knew the story well enough), who died of yellow fever on the West India Station in the year 1814.

III

BY the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second Herod, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy; be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a char-woman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen; get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may; but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in the *Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages and another place. Two

young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen. Our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions. I took John Tomkins out of the garret where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a year. Well, John Tomkins left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—"He never 'ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good fam'lies to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman whom I shall call Mr. Abershaw, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with General Hector—only left because the family was going abroad, the

General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, Mrs. Colonel Ajax, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, Mrs. Captain B., waited upon her, Mrs. Captain B. remarked that Mrs. Colonel's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in Mrs. Colonel's room when Mrs. B. entered it at one o'clock; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which Mrs. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and Mr. Abershaw stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour; and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and, though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but, as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought; and once Mrs. Captain Budge saw Mr. Abershaw in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of Mrs. Colonel Ajax, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were—our three children, ourselves, and Mrs. Captain B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most "singlar" misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about eleven o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and a great coat, and two hats, and an umbrella were gone.

"Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry," Mr. Abershaw said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspicious, enjoyin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a know'd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently out she ran, roaring out, "Anna Maria! Cook! Mr. Hobson! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says Abershaw, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards Mrs. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of Mrs. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strewn about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and Abershaw, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villian was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone; then, it was her Cashmere shawl; then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently,

as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, Abershaw clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which Mrs. Captain B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold, the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while Mr. Abershaw gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous Scroggins indeed.

As soon as the famous Scroggins saw Abershaw, all matters seemed to change—"Hullo, Jerry!" said he; "what, you here? at your old tricks again? This is the man what has done it, sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." Mr. Abershaw swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was Mr. Scroggins a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court and examined by the Magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth: that he had not been in General Hector's service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and Mrs. Ajax merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself: he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police Office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Hhonour was questioned. And Mrs. Budge

believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money; nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when Mr. Abershaw and Mrs. Colonel Ajax were both transported for forgery.

(*January* 1850.)

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J——S PLUSH TO A FRIEND)

WHELL OF FORTUNE BARR,
Jenyoury twenty-fith.

MY DEAR RINCER,—Me and Mary Hann was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flaviour. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr; and I hope youll soon come back to London, Rincer, my boy. Your account of the Servants' all festivvaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovyly (I don't know how to spell it) with Lady Hawguster, emused Mary Hann very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvvices to Mrs. Lupin, and tell Munseer Beshymell with my and Mary Hann's best wishes, that our little Fanny can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbits and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. Jeames and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will ocur in the best reglated famlies you know) or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, inwolving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me Mr. Rincer, did onst belong to. I'm not above that profeshn; I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—(not that I need be phonder of him for that; on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchen into heach other)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold Father Time is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

A commady, Sir, has been brought out (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informmed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, *a Footman,* forms the prinsple drammitis-pur-

sony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determingd to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss propply; and bought sevral horringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *nesessaty*.

My dear Rincer. I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well-reglated footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of "Leap Year," yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, Mr. Buckstone, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in hornary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year) and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a reprasentation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry: igsept one, and she asts two of em.

Onst upon a time there was an old genlmn by the name of Flowerdew as married a young woman, who became in consquince Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breaf coarse

of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry erangements hold Flowerdew died. Peace be to his Hashes!

His widder didnt cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been raythera silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her frends like a lady: and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom: had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

If *I* had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than Mrs. Flowerjew did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the wulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted Villiam Valker, Mrs. F's man, was sadly defishnt. He was respeckble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me Rincer ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time! Do you recklect Bill the Maypole as was with us at Lord Ammersmiths? What a chap that was! what a leg he ad! The young men are not like us, Tom Rincer,—but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of Mr. & Mrs. C. Kean in a droring-roomb, Mrs. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or somethink, Mr. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a

quoating poatry & Byrom and that sort of thing like anythink.

Mrs. Kean, she was the widdo, and Mr. K. he was Villiam the man. He wasnt a Buttler dear Rincer like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like Mr. Mewt at my lords (to whomb my best complymince), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page: but he was a mixter of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip; he had a coat like a Hunndress John; he had the helegant mistary of Mr. Mewt, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I whish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

Haltho in hour time, dear Rincer, we didn quoat Byrom and Shikspyer in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect,* and the young Jeamses do talk potry.—Well, for sevral years, during which he had been in Mrs. F.'s service, Walker had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wont surprize *you* Rincer, my boy; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O Lady Harabellar; but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

Several shutors come to whoo the widow; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harmy, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for

his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to William Walker, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look at it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, Rincer. Hand, I can't help seeing that it is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may hapn hany day to hany Mann; as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men: we are fine men praps; and praps she returns our harder. But whats the use of it? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of Johns that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. John would be holways up in the droring-room courting: or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry: you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate propply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord? It's impawsable. We may marry in other families but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the first flor; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married

his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

Yours hever, my dear Rincer,

J. P.

To Mr. Rincer,
at the Duke of Fitzbattleaxes,
Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire.

(*February* 1850.)

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON

SIR,—I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds,* are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life.*

My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of P–rtm–n Square; and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspicious little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling Anna Maria instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent Anna Maria.

The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church —the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the dismal solitude. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon; and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family: my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, "Take us out of this place, Grandpapa." I would have done so. I started to get up (the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accus-

tomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

The next view we saw was the summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to Saint Paul's by my dear mother as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw—what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest

I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens —in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant, about a hundred feet high, rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him back! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa-constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure:* was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens. There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is Her M——y and the R–y–l Children looking as if

they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify *any* Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

But my second boy, Tommy, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where Napoleon's carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the Chamber of Horrors, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold—murderers, Sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—Robespierre's head off in a plate—Marat stuck and bleeding in a bath—Mr. and Mrs. Manning in a frightful colloquy with Courvoisier and Fieschi about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

Jacky, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the Simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson; in which camels, horses, men are swept into death in an instant—and this was the *agreeable* sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their

last place of amusement, viz. the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

Ah, Sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even—but what to say of the winter? By heavens, Sir! I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright, that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day; and remain,

Your obedient servant,

GOLIAH MUFF.

(*April* 1850.)

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON

I

WHEN my husband's father, Sir John Nimrod, died, after sixteen years' ill-health, which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise, I am sure, I would never have married Nimrod, or gone through eighteen years of dulness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monté'd* my *maison* in London. I married Nimrod an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita,* as Dante says: having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry Nimrod: I gave up for him Captain (now General) Flather, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; Mr. Pyx, then tutor to the Earl of Noodlebury, but now Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom, I dare say, have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise?

Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became Mrs. Nimrod—remaining Mrs. Nimrod—plain Mrs. Nimrod, as Mr. Grimstone said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. Nimrod has no powers of conversation, and I am all soul and genius. Nimrod cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science; and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements?* Had I any idea that the old Sir John Nimrod would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. Pyx, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor Sir Charles Nimrod generally lives, shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller.* My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it, alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We re-

ceive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. Sir C—— N—— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde*. He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether Dr. Buckland was a poet, whether Sir Sidney Smith was not an Admiral; he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both Snooker's and Toodle's, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure George the Fourth at six years of age.[1] What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear Sir C—— N——? There are some of us gifted but unfortunate beings whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend Eugène Sue's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, marche*": for us pilgrims of society there is *no* rest. The Bellairs have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almacks, and was carried home paralysed; I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world, then; I cannot help my nature. The eagle (the crest of the Bellairs) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

[1] It was *not* before George the Fourth, but before the Prince of Wales, that Lady Nimrod, then Miss Bellairs, performed at the Pavilion.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear dear sculptures, I adore them!), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries, the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great generals, the great *every*bodies, have honoured the *réunions* of Clementina Nimrod. I have had at the same dinner the wise and famous Monsieur Doctrinaire (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris; but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and eighteen orders), Signor Bombardi the Roman tribune, General Prince Rubadubsti the Russian General, and dear Tarboosh Pasha, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had Monsieur Sansgêne, the eminent socialist refugee; Rabbi Jehoshaphat, from Jerusalem; the Archbishop of Mealypotatoes, *in partibus infidelium,* and in purple stockings; Brother Higgs, the Mormon Prophet; and my own dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lowly* board. I have had that darling Colonel Milstone Reid, the decipherer of the Babylonish inscriptions; the eminent Professor Hödwinck, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "Horæ Antediluvianæ," and "The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period;" and

Professor Blenkinhorn (who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of Greenacre at the same *soirée;* and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious Mr. Rawhead, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tripes, was hanged, and, of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey; when I hope that my dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy will come.

Indeed what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde,* you know, one person is just like another. Lady A. and Lady B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. Lord C.'s whiskers are exactly like Mr. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées,* sweets, and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there

is the same music—the same Mario and Lablache, the same Lablache and Mario. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connections, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue: I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and Mlle. Vandermeer, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the Pope, or the Duke of Bordeaux, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the "Memoriam" (and a most pleasing poet), or Mr. Cumming, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear Prelude; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has

been, and I look over the list of my lions with pleasure. Poor Sir C——, in the same way, keeps a game-book, I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, Mr. Cumming (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more) —if Mr. Cumming, I say, keeps *his* journal of springboks, and elephants and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not Clementina Nimrod be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

II

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties — I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish absurd creatures!) and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard Mr. Grimstone the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours; that they lived in a very comfortably furnished

house; that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the peerage, and Grimstone says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor Lord Muddlehead to take the lady of the house to dinner. Lord Muddlehead never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner-time, and is there, Grimstone says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice, and the hearing of his twenty guests, "Lord Muddlehead, may I have the honour of taking wine with your lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well then?—what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is Nelson come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is Tom Smith who has gained the silver sculls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be Master Thomas who has just come from Cambridge, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society—and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at *tables-d'hôte* on the Continent, very well-informed persons, really very agreeable, and well mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable

information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do): but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very Mr. Grimstone—Lady Tollington took him up, and of course, if Lady Tollington takes up a man he goes everywhere—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde,* and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O Mr. Grimstone!" I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at Lady Tollington's and Lady Trumpington's; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, Lady Nimrod," Grimstone said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde,* I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before?"

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his *h*'s very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved

quite well. Lady Blinker says he is satirical: but he seems to me simple and quiet.

Mr. Grimstone is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a Radical; and his principals are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to Lady Tollington's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian Hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut Dr. Hawtrey, at Eton, for correcting the boys?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, Count Knoutoff, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it who has hanged twenty-five Polish Colonels, like Count Knoutoff; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like General Garbanzos, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain —he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer

must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do: but consider the difference of the education of foreigners!—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear General Garbanzos *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful Madame Andria came amongst us (whom Grimstone calls Polyandria, though her name is Alphonsine), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? Count Andria and her first husband, the Baron de Frump, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the Prince Gregory Ragamoffski, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope Miss Hulker, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad odious husband, an uncomfortable hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that Ragamoffski was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'aimable;* and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? Ragamoffski was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at Saint George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old Hulker gave, without inviting *me,* by the way. Thence, I say, it ought to be

clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practises ought to be put down! Cry out against them, indeed! Mr. Grimstone says, that if the Emperor Nero, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle—and that if Queen Catherine of Medicis, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention Bobbachy Bahawder, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Aurungzebe, his august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmutgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his Imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become Empress of Delhi in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss his Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country, that this the real object of his mission transpired; for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi

Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

Lady Lynx took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and, as *I* believe, sells, the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country; but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill will and envy of Lady Lynx only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person; and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor of Delhi. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of State prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting his excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid uninteresting Hungarian General whom Lady Lynx brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at

no expense; but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the Lady Nimrod, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, Mr. Grimstone said, and made me a most elegant bow; answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East; and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. "Ah!" he often said afterwards, "why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he (meaning Nimrod) who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you."

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well bred. As for my marrying the emperor, that is out of the question, for Nimrod is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bowstringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in

after-times, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street. When I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen, the door was opened by a maid of all work, who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second-floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found his excellency on a horsehair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the Park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger, as he sate by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss Higgs, my companion, and Fido on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the Opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with *a petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for her Majesty, with which the "Burrumpooter" East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the

audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord," he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think Bobbachy Bahawder not pay. Stop till 'Burrumpooter' come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed his excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the "Burrumpooter."

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street—all sofas black, all sky black: why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously his excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number

of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his Imperial master, the emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious Grimstone, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from his excellency! Mrs. Cramley, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss Cramley, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old Lady Glum said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the emperor and all India with him; little Miss Cockshaw was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask his excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "Bobbachy Bahawder and suite," "His Excellency Bobbachy Bahawder,"

"His Excellency Prince Bobbachy Bahawder," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country would have formed a series of Books of Beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the City, when the news was made public of the nature of his excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss Cruickshanks had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. Bibb, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a schoolgirl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before his excellency's hotel, and some bribed his excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That Lady Lynx said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes; and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory, that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the "Burrumpooter" Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never

reached England, and I dare say has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the "Burrumpooter" at all; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of Mr. Green, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of his excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody; and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his Imperial master.

(*August and September* 1850.)

WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN THE HOLIDAYS?

From Home, as yet. 10*th January.*

ESPECTED MR. PUNCH,—I am a young gentleman of good family, and exceedingly gentle disposition, and at present home for the Christmas holidays with my dear Papa and Mamma. I believe I am not considered clever at school, being always last in my class: and the Doctor, the Usher, the French Master, and all the boys except Tibbs Minimus (who is only six, and in the last form with me) beat me and ill-use me a great deal. And it's a great shame that I for my part am not allowed to whop Tibbs Minimus, which I could, being 14 myself last birthday; but that *nasty brute* Tibbs Minor says he'll *thrash me* if I do—and it's very *unkind of him;* for when he was a child in petticoats, and I was ten, and he was in the last class with me, I never beat him, as I easily could have done, and now the *unkind boy* is always attacking and wooriting me.

I cannot do *lessons and that,* Mr. Punch; for when

the Dr. calls me up my tongue cleaves to the roof of *my mouf,* I'm so fritned; and same way *in French,* and same in Arythmetic; and I can't fight like some boys, because I'm a nervous boy; but the big boys keep me awake telling stories to 'em *all night;* and I know *ever so many* and am always making *stories in my head;* and somehow I feel that I'm better than many of the chaps—only *I can't do anything.* And they chaff me and laugh at me, because I'm afraid *of being in the dark and seeing ghosts and that, which I can't help it.* My mamma had a fright *before I was born,* and *that's what it is,* I suppose.

Sir, I am very miserable at school with everybody licking me; *and hate the place;* and the going back to it—and *the idear* of it altogether. Why was schools ever invented? When I'm at my dear home, with dear Ma and sisters, and in bed as long as I choose, and wish twice to meat, or three times, if I like; and I walk in the Park, and go to see *a lovely Pantamime;* and so I lose the horrid thought of school; and it's only in my dreams, sometimes, I see that *abommanable* old Doctor.

What I want you to do in the interest of all School Boys, is to stop the *Times* in holy time from publishing those *advertisements about schools.* On this day, Wednesday, jest against the leading article, there's no less than 2 columns of schools; and Papa, who's always jokin' and chaffin' me, reads 'em out, and says, "Tom, how'd you like this?—Education of a superior kind, Birchwood Briars. No extras, no holidays." Or, "Tom, here's a chance for you—To Laundresses. A schoolmaster wishes to receive into his establishment the Son of a respectable Laundress, on reciprocal terms. Address," &c. "My dear," Pa says to dear Ma, "what

a pity you wasn't a washerwoman, and we could get this stupid boy educated for nothing." I'm sure I've been *mangled* enough by that bully Bob Cuff, if I haven't been ironed and hung up to dry! Or, "To Booksellers, Grocers, Butchers, and Bakers.—In a well-appreciated seminary, within five miles of London, the children of the above tradesmen will be received. The whole of the school account will be taken in goods." And Pa wonders if he were to send back our calf with me in our cart, and one of our sheep, whether the Doctor would take them in payment of the quarter's account? And then he says that one calf ought to pay for another, and laughs and makes me miserable for the whole day.

And next week my pleasures, I know, will be dampt by reading the Christmas Vacation of the Chipping-Rodbury Grammar School will conclude on the 24th inst., when the boys are expected to reassemble; the young gentlemen of Dr. Bloxam's Academy will meet on the 25th; or Mr. Broomback's young friends will reassemble after the Christmas recess; or so and so. Why are these horrid thoughts always to be brought before us? I'm sure, at Christmas time, managers of newspapers might *be kind* and keep these horrid advertisements out of sight. And if our uncles, and people who come to our house, when we're at home for the holidays, would but be *so obliging* as never to mention school, or make jokes about flogging, or going back, or what we have *for dinner,* or *that,* I'm sure we should be very much the happier, and you won't have heard in vain from your wretched reader,

UNDER PETTY.

(*January* 1851.)

A STRANGE MAN JUST DISCOVERED IN GERMANY

IT has been mentioned in the German journals that a foreigner, from some unknown country, and speaking a jargon scarcely intelligible by the most profound German philologists, has lately made his appearance at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where of course he was handed over to the care of the police.

"This individual was brought before us, Johann Humpffenstrumpffen, Burgomaster of Frankfort, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, and examined in our presence and that of our Clerk and Town Council.

"The raiment and appearance of this individual, landed, no one knows how, in a remote and extremely quiet German city, are described by all persons as most singular. In height he is about five feet six inches, his hair is white, his face sallow, his beard red—that on his upper lip not so much grown as that on his cheeks; his hands are large and dirty, his teeth useful, his appetite great, and his thirst constant.

"His dress is most extraordinary and barbarous. On his head he wears a covering of a snuff-brown colour, in shape something like a wash-basin—which it would be very advisable that he should use for his face and hands. Round his neck, which is exceedingly ugly and bare, he wears a strip of a shining stuff, spun out of worms, he says, in his own country, and called an Alberti: it is puffed in two bows round his cheeks, and gives him a highly absurd appearance.

"His outer garment was a loose shaggy vest, made out of the skin of bears, most likely, and tainted strongly with a stale and exceedingly rancorous odour of what he calls 'backy-backy.' This outer dress—when asked its name, by Burgermeister von Humpffenstrumpffen—the nondescript called a 'Minorimosy;' and holding up his outstretched hand three times, cried out the syllable 'Bob,' and wagged his head; from which the Burgomaster concluded that 'bob' is the name of a coin of the country.

"His next garment, one without sleeves, was decorated with buttons of glass; and in the pockets were found bits of paper, which the nondescript tried to explain—by the words 'ungle,' 'tickor,' 'spowt,' &c.—and showed by his gestures that the papers were to him of considerable value. They are greasy, and, to all appearances, worthless, coarsely printed, and marked with rude manuscript numerals. It is conjectured that they may form part of the paper-money of his country.

"Beyond these tokens, no coin of any kind was found on the nondescript's person.

"Under the glass-buttoned garment, from which he struggled violently not to be divested, the stranger had on two other very singular articles of costume. One was

very ragged, and evidently old, and covered with printed figures in pink, representing bayaderes dancing. Over this was a small piece of stuff worked with the needle, and once white—the name of which, after repeated and severe interrogatories, he said was 'Dicki.' It has been carried to the Museum, and placed between the breastplate of a Turkish vizier and the corslet of a knight of the middle ages.

"His lower dress was of a broad check pattern, something resembling the stuff which is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, who, however, it is known, do not use *braccæ,* whence it is evident that the stranger cannot be one of these. When the Burgomaster pointed to these, the nondescript wagged his head, pleased seemingly, and said the word 'Stunnin,' which the clerk took down.

"On his feet were a sort of short boot with large iron heels, in which he began to execute a queer dance before the Court, clinking the heels together, and turning the toes fantastically in and out. Pointing to this boot with the cane which he carries in his mouth, he winked to the clerk, and said 'Hylo!' but then presently looking round the room, and seeing a portrait of the late Feldmarschall Prince of Wallstadt, he ran up to it and said, 'Blooker! Blooker!' and danced once more.

"What relation can there be between the nondescript's boot and the late gallant and venerated Marshal Forwards, who destroyed Bonaparte, after the latter had defeated and taken the Herzog v. Wellington prisoner at the battle of Mount Saint John?

"At this stage of the examination, and having been allowed to resume all his clothes, the stranger pointed to his mouth, and laid his hand on his stomach, crying out the monosyllable 'Grub,' which Doctor Blinkhorn thinks

must mean food in his language. Accordingly, a sausage, some bread, and a can of beer were brought, of the first of which he partook greedily, devouring the whole bread and sausage. It was observed that he ate with his fork, not with his knife, as we Germans do.

"Having tasted the drink, he, however, laid it down, making very wry faces, and calling out the word 'Swipey, Swipey,' twice, which was taken down. And then, by more faces and contortions, he made us to understand as if the beer had disagreed with him, upon which the excellent Burgermeister, having a bottle of Rhum in the cupboard, gave the savage a glass, who smacked it off at once, crying out the word 'Jollybyjingo.'

"'Jollybyjingo, was ist denn Jollybyjingo?' asked his worship, conjecturing, with his usual acuteness, that this was the savage's phrase for Rhum of Jamaica. 'Wilt thou have yet a glass Jollybyjingo?' And his honour poured out a second glass, which the nondescript seized, and tossed off, this time exclaiming,

"'Aybaleaveyermibawawawy!'

"Which expression being accurately taken down, his worship the Burgermeister considered the examination sufficient, and sent off the Foreigner under the guard of Gendarmes Blitz and Wetter to Berlin.

"A true copy.

"(*Signed*) HUMPFFENSTRUMPFFEN, *Burgomaster.*
BLINKHORN, *Clerk of the Court.*"

From the Berlin "Tagblatt."

"The named Snooks, Bartholomæus Student, out of Smithfield, London, was brought hither in custody,

from Frankfort-on-the-Oder; where, being tipsy, he had lost himself, allowing the train to go away without him. Snooks was handed over to the British Minister here, and will return to London as soon as anyone will lend or give him funds for that purpose."

(*April* 1851.)

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world;—but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the Queen and Prince before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap; and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity; and calculate that, after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which Jones begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours; and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our

humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the Queen bowed and curtseyed, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister—how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass.

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the Archbishop of Canterbury was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if Mr. Longears was speaking in the House of Commons—and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if, during *that* part of the day's proceedings, the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen?

I remarked my Lord Ivorystick and my Lord Ebonystick backing all the way round the immense building before the Queen; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last? how long will free-

born men forsake the natural manner of walking, with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas?* I remarked that a royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards, than a royal coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest Lord Chopstick (the Chinese Ambassador with the pantomime face), most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of Lord Ivorystick and Lord Ebonystick was not more reasonable than that of his excellency Chopstick, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, *vice versâ,* many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were Queen of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

(*May* 1851.)

M. GOBEMOUCHE'S AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION

IN the good town of London, in the Squars, in the Coffees, in the Parks, in the society at the billiards, there is but one conversation—it is of the Palace of Industry; it is of the Queen and Prince Albert; it is of the union of all nations. "Have you been there, my friend?" everyone says to everyone.

Yes, I have been there. Yes, I am one of the myriads who visited the Palace of Industry on the first of May, and witnessed the triumph of France.

Early in the day, following in the track of the myriads who were rushing towards the romantic village of Kinsington, and through the Bridge of Chevaliers, I engaged a cabriolet of place, and bidding the driver conduct me to the Palace of all Nations at Kinsington, sate in profound reverie smoking my cigar and thinking of France, until my driver paused, and the agglomeration of the multitude, and the appearance of the inevitable Poliseman of London, sufficiently informed us that we were at the entrance of the Industrial Palace.

Polisemen flank the left pillar of the gate surmounted by a vase, emblem of plenty; polisemen flank the right pillar decorated by a lion (this eternal Britannic lion, how his roars fatigue me; his tail does not frighten me; his eternal fanfaronnades regarding his courage makes

me puff of to laugh!)—and as nothing is to be seen in England without undoing purse, a man at a wicket stops the influx of the curious, and the tide cannot pass the barrier except through the filter of a schilling.

O cursed schilling! He haunts me, that schilling. He pursues me everywhere. If a Frenchman has to produce his passport, there is no moment of the day when an Englishman must not produce his schilling. I paid that sum, and was with others admitted into the barrier, and to pass the outer wall of the Great Exhibition.

When one enters, the sight that at first presents itself has nothing of remarkable—a court, two pavilions on either side, a château, to the door of which you approach by steps of no particular height or grandeur: these were the simple arrangements which it appears that the Britannic genius has invented for the reception of all people of the globe.

I knock in the English fashion—the simple baronnet gives but one knock; the postman, officer of the Goverment, many and rapid strokes; the Lord Mayor knocks and rings. I am but the simple baronnet, and Sir Gobemouche wishes to be thought no more singular than Sir Brown or Sir Smith.

Two pages—blond children of Albion—their little coats, it being spring-time, covered with a multiplicity of buds—fling open the two beatings of the door, and I enter the little ante-hall.

I look up—above me is an azure dome like the vault ethereal, silver stars twinkle in its abysses, a left-hand lancing thunderbolt is above us—I read above, in characters resembling the lightning—"*Fille de l'orage*" in our own language, and "Symbolium of all Nations" in English.

Is the daughter of the tempest then the symbol of

all nations? Is the day's quiet the lull after yesterday's storm? Profound moralist, yes—it is so—we enter into repose through the initiation of the hurricane—we pass over the breakers and are in the haven!

This pretty moral conveyed in the French language, the world's language, as a prelude to the entertainment —this solemn antechamber to the Palace of the World, struck me as appropriate as sublime. With a beating heart I ascend further steps—I am in the world's vestibule.

What do I see around me? Another magnificent allegory. The cities of the world are giving each other the hand—the Tower of Pisa nods friendly to the Wall of China—the Pont Neuf and the Bridge of Sighs meet and mingle arches—Saint Paul, of London, is of accord with his brother Saint Peter of Rome—and the Parthenon is united with the Luqsor Obelisk, joining its civilisation to the Egyptian mysteries, as the Greek philosophers travelled to Egypt of old;—a great idea this—greatly worked out, in an art purposely naïve, in a design expressly confused.

From this vestibule I see a staircase ascending, emblazoned with the magic hieroglyphics, and strange allegoric images. In everything that the Briton does lurks a deep meaning—the vices of his nobility, the quarrels of his priests, the peculiarities of his authors, are here dramatised:—a Pope, a Cardinal appear among fantastic devils—the romancers of the day figure with their attributes—the statesmen of the three kingdoms with their various systems—fiends, dragons, monsters, curl and writhe through the multitudinous hieroglyphic, and typify the fate that perhaps menaces the venomous enemies that empoison the country.

The chambers of this marvellous Palace are decorated

in various styles, each dedicated to a nation. One room flames in crimson and yellow, surmounted by a vast golden sun, which you see, in regarding it, must be the chamber of the East. Another, decorated with stalactites and piled with looking-glass and eternal snow, at once suggests Kamschatka or the North Pole. In a third apartment, the Chinese dragons and lanterns display their fantastic blazons; while in a fourth, under a canopy of midnight stars, surrounded by waving palm-trees, we feel ourselves at once to be in a primeval forest of Brazil, or else in a scene of fairy—I know not which; —the eye is dazzled, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonders.

Faithful to their national economy, of what, think you, are the decorations of the Palace?—Of calico!—Calico in the emblematic halls, Calico in the Pompadour boudoirs, Calico in the Chamber of the Sun—Calico everywhere. Indeed, whither have not the English pushed their cottons? their commerce? Calico has been the baleful cause of their foreign wars, their interior commotions. Calico has been the source of their wealth, of their present triumphant condition, perhaps of their future downfall! Well and deeply the decorators of the Palace meditated when they decorated its walls with this British manufacture.

Descending, as from a vessel's deck, we approach a fairy park, in which the works of art bud and bloom beside the lovely trees of Spring. What green pelouses are here! what waving poplars! what alleys shaded by the buds and blossoms of Spring! Here are *parterres* blooming with polyanthuses and coloured lamps; a fountain there where Numa might have wooed Egeria. Statues rise gleaming from the meadow; Apollo bends

his bow; Dorothea washes her fair feet; Esmeralda sports with her kid. What know I? How select a beauty where all are beautiful? how specify a wonder where all is miracle?

In yon long and unadorned arbour, it has been arranged by the English (who never do anything without rosbif and half-and-half) that the nations of the world are to feast. And that vast building situated on the eastern side of the pelouse, with battlemented walls and transparent roof, is the much-vaunted Palace of Crystal! Yes; the roof is of crystal, the dimensions are vast,—only the articles to be exhibited have not been unpacked yet; the walls of the Palace of Crystal are bare.

"That is the Baronial Hall of all Nations," says a gentleman to me—a gentleman in a flowing robe and a singular cap whom I had mistaken for a Chinese or an enchanter. "The hall is not open yet, but it will be inaugurated by the grand Sanitary dinner. There will be half-crown dinners for the commonalty, five-shilling dinners for those of mediocre fortune, ten-shilling dinners for gentlemen of fashion like Monsieur. Monsieur, I have the honour to salute you."—And he passes on to greet another group.

I muse, I pause, I meditate. Where have I seen that face? Where noted that mien, that cap? Ah, I have it! In the books devoted to gastronomic regeneration, on the flasks of sauce called Relish. This is not the Crystal Palace that I see,—this is the rival wonder—yes, this is the Symposium of all Nations, and yonder man is Alexis Soyer!

GOBEMOUCHE.

(*May* 1851.)

THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that Charles the Second used to feed ducks in Saint James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of Charles the Second; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of Catherine Hyde, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the Duke of Buckingham (of Charles the Second's time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named; among others, Lord Addlestone, Lord Muddlehead, and the Lord Viscount Wildgoose.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the "Biographie Universelle," and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young Tapely, old Tapely's son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as Colbert: whom Guttleton admires, not as a Minister, but as inventor of Colbert soles. Van der Souchey, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the Pensionary de Witt. "Behold de miracle instead of de witt," said Flicflac; and added, that Count Narcissi (the envoy from Pumpernickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

General the Earl of Slowgo (who does his best to be an F. M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work—although a light work he may almost say a biographical work—relative to the times of Charles the Second, called "Pepys' Diary," and purporting to be edited by a member of their lordships' House, the Lord Viscount Braybrooke.

General Slowgo has, therefore, presented his compliments to Lord Viscount Braybrooke, and requests to know if the Viscount has edited the work in question? Should his lordship's reply be in the affirmative, General Lord Slowgo will write to the Librarian of the British Museum, to know: 1st. Whether the work entitled "Pepys' Memoirs" be in the Library of the British Mu-

seum? 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty King Charles the Second? 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House? And, 4th. If not, whether, and at what time, General the Earl of Slowgo can consult the work in question at the British Museum?

The two little Miss Budds (who go about with Lady Crabb) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin Rowley, and are busy reading Grammont's "Memoirs." When Lady Crabb heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of Grammont is one of the highest in France. The Miss Budds say the book is—very instructive.

Miss Grigg, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her papa's library, in the works of Wycherley and Sir C. Sedley, and in Suckling's poems.

Colonel Sir Nigel M'Asser, who has the largest and blackest whiskers not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British Army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of Charles the Second, and that gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly applied for leave of absence; and, if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

Lady Rosa Twentystone and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the Lelys there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before Mr. Twentystone, he ordered the whole family up to

their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

"Lady Rosa is so delightful," Varges says, that he thinks one "can't see too much of her."

Lord Viscount Methuselah has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of Lord Rochester, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be allowed to make his *entrée* into the ball through a window and up a rope-ladder.

Lord Hulkington hopes to be able to get into a page's dress which he wore once in private theatricals at the Princess of Wales's Court at Naples in 1814; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

Lady Howlbury expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense; having attired herself and daughters each in a curtain of the State bed at Ivybush, under which Charles the Second passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the Lord Mayor is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as Marshal Tureen.

Lord Tom Noddington was much surprised when he heard that Charles the Second had been up a tree, and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that Charles the Second had had his head cut off, just before his son, James the First, came into this country, from Scotland—where Lord Tom goes shooting every year. Mr. Bland Varges, who is the most notorious wag at Spratt's, said that as Tom Noddington had no head himself, he had better go as the Marquis of Montrose—after his decapitation. Tom Noddington said he

would be hanged if he went as Montrose, which Varges said was more and more in character. Lord Tom said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the Duke's country, and hoped to shoot there again; and he thought "it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by Jove, for fellas to go about saying that other fellas had their heads cut off; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas." Mr. Varges said that Lord Tom needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it; on which Tom Noddy said that Varges was always chaffing him.

Lord Addlestone—when his librarian informed him he had heard that Louis the Fourteenth as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold-dust—has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a *papillote* of bank-notes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his lordship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot, Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay forty pounds a piece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of James's time at once; and Cardinal de Retz, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

Ensign and Lieutenant Tipton, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take Marlborough's part as a young man, for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.

(*May* 1851.)

PANORAMA OF THE INGLEEZ

(From the "Beyrout Banner," "Joppa Intelligencer," and "Jerusalem Journal.")

THE renowned and learned Sage and Doctor of Beyrout, the excellent Hadjee Aboo Bosh, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks; which works are so wonderful, lifelike, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet.

The famous and skilful Hadjee has arranged, near the Bazaar, by the Ropemakers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of El Thawer, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment, not without awe. The women of the hareem of Papoosh Pasha were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage; as were the ladies of the establishment of Bluebeard Bey, and the three wives of the Grand Mollah. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

"There is no secret so dark, but the eye of Zutulbe will penetrate it.
There is no tangled skein, but the finger of Leila will unravel it.
There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag Fatima will pick it."

—Indeed a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the Aboo Bosh's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurridee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees; he is called the Parees Yenn: when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the Ingleez; he is called the Roolbretawnia: this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yankeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The City represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez: over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons: the drivers and grooms crying out "Stee, Stee!" In this quarter the shroffs and principal merchants reside. The palace of the Lord Cadi is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman: who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj or Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platefuls. Aboo Bosh owned to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque; which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. In the court is an image of a

beloved Queen: the people say "Queen Anne is dead," and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all Stamboul there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless: the chair of the Queen is a treasure of splendour; and Aboo Bosh says, that when she comes in state, and surrounded by her viziers, this intrepid Sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the Queen of the Ingleez, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black—we saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the Queen's janissaries in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high: their officers fifteen: it is said that each consumes a sheep, and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

Aboo then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of Wellingtoon Pasha, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of Wellingtoon are placed about the town, besides: the English being so proud of him because he conquered the French Jeneral Boonapoort. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard:—

"The victory is not always with the bravest: nor the robe of honour given to him who deserves most.
An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil."

Near this is the Maidaun, where the young Lords and Agas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said "Praise to Allah!" when we saw the scarlet standard, with the crescent and star of our august master, Abdul Medjid.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named Paxtoon. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature; he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow so big, that after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it; several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told Aboo Bosh by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, Aboo Bosh now showed to us the wondrous interior. All the treasures of the world are there, surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles and embroidery from Beyrout. What arcades of splendour! what fountains! what images! The tallest trees grow in this palace. The birds cannot fly to the roof: it is so high. At one end is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O Aboo! O Hadjee, I suspect that Fatima, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?—

"The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.
A woman's truth is like the cloth the Armenian sells you in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it."

And now, having spent several hours in examining this picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez family of distinction, whom Aboo Bosh has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before, and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.

AN INGLEEZ FAMILY

LL along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife: a hard case, O Agas! for these poor women; for, as the bard has remarked—

"When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat Zuleika with my slipper, but I smile upon Leila and Zutulbe.

"When Leila's fatness becomes disagreeable, then Zutulbe's leanness commences to be pleasing.

"When both annoy me, then little Zuleika resumes her reign; for strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome: as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

"Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers."

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez is a

tyranny unheard of amongst civilised nations like our own; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyrout.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better-looking than the one whom Aboo Bosh showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill-humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of the house, or "Misseez," as the Interpreter says she is called; her two daughters, Lola and Lota; her son, the young Aga; and the father of the family, called Brown Effendi.

Brown Effendi is fifty-five or -six years old; he is tall and of a portly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald: nor has he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger; they must have been married these thirty years: no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag!

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

"Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. Brown," says the Misseez, "will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills."

"Jehannum take the bills!" roars out Brown, rising

up and stamping. "Can't you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?"

O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet? It is an immense sheet, as big as the Capitan Pasha's mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day, before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyrout!

"Well, don't swear at a woman, Mr. B.," she says. "Don't swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it, if the house is expensive? I lived in a better before I came to yours. My mamma—"

"Confound your mamma! How much is it?" says Brown Effendi; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in—there was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sat by me, Poof Allee, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars and little caps, with little ribbons; their cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

"Why don't you come sooner?" growls the father.

"They were at Lady Polk's, at Mrs. Walls's, and were not home till four: the girls must have sleep, Mr. B."

"Why do they go to those confounded balls?" asks Brown Effendi. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

"They ought to be in bed at ten," growls the housefather.

"We *do* go to bed at ten when there is nothing at night, Papa," says the eldest. "We couldn't live if we didn't go to sleep on the off nights."

"You don't wish them not to go in the world, I suppose, Mr. B.? You don't wish them not to get establishments? You don't suppose it is for *my* pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs!" (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) "You don't suppose that *I* go to dance?"

Brown Effendi burst into a laugh. "*You* dance, Polly!" says he. "Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?"

"I wish Papa wouldn't use those expressions," says Miss Lola to Miss Lota.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims,* and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

"That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon," the Interpreter explains. "He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family: kisses them, but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Tims.* He gives money to the Khanum. He goes to the Stee: where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot."

"That I can understand," says Poof Allee. "A man

will not allow his womankind to go out except in an aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as *that.*"

"You are in error, O Effendi," said the Interpreter. "The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the City unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the Spring-time basking in the gardens of Kensington."

"O my eyes! I will go there," said Poof Allee, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

"They are to be seen everywhere," continues the Interpreter, "and at home, too, receive men into their houses."

"This, I suppose, is one," remarked a looker-on. "He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sultaun?"

"That? That is a servant," said the Dragoman. "He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family."

"That," cried Poof Allee, "a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young, and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking."

"It is even so, sir," said the Dragoman. "So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous—blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them, than your honour does of the black slave-boy who fills

your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received from his book-seller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being, that the servant was made to feel like a man."

Here came in the young actor, who, the Interpreter said, represented the son of the house. He drawled into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother's forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. "John!" he said, "pale ale!"

"My love!" said the mamma.

"Tell the cook to devil some dam thing," continued the youth.

"My darling!" said the old lady.

"Hot coppers, ma'am!" said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. "Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o'clock this morning. Last thing I weckolect, shandygaff."

"You'll kill yourself, child," cried mamma.

"So much the better for brother Dick. Youth is the season of enjoyment. O dam! what a headache I've got! 'Gather ye roses while ye may.' Youth is the season of pleasure."

"What sort of pleasure?" asked one of the sisters.

"Well—I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at Bob Cwoft's," said the young man. "It's not very good fun, but it's better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast."

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising, showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice, the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under the sea, the dark appearance of which made poor Poof Allee shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home,—the Dragoman said, "We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening."

The curtain drew up. Brown Effendi was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head, and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. Mrs. Brown appeared so changed since the morning, that you would not know her, and Poof Allee (that rogue) said, "O my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman." They stood one on each side of the fireplace—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner company.

Schaun, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

"It's from Wagg," said Brown Effendi. "D—n him! he says he's ill; but he's asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, John."

How splendidly attired now is this Schaun! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace; a waistcoat of red and gold; shulwars of plush, the colour of buttercups—and has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two houris? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. Poof Allee's eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, Lola and Lota.

"This is the habit of Ingleez damsels," says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. "All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance."

"But a ball, of course, only amongst women?" said his excellency Papoosh Pasha, Governor of Beyrout, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

"Among women, excellent sir! There are men, too. If there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez— "

"Silence, shameless!" roared out his excellency. "Kislar Beg! Carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition. All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men? Never! or if they do, it can only be among barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilised country. Hadjee Aboo Bosh! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented under pain of the bastinado."

And his excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for Poof Allee—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

(*September and October* 1851.)

POOR PUGGY

THOSE who know Topham Sawyer, the accomplished young Earl of Swellmore, are aware that under a mask of languor and levity he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *coulisses*. Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them; and not blameless, alas! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness, in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment, two years since (when he was,

as yet, but the penniless and Honourable Topham Sawyer), when the lovely Lady Barbara Pendragon, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the Marquis of M–ngelw–rzelshire, threw him over, and married the Roman Prince Corpodibacco, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great are always acceptable in certain circles; and the following extract of a letter from Lord Swellmore to his intimate and noble friend the Marquess of Macassar, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his club to see Messrs. Aminadab and Nebuchadnezzar on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the Marquess of Macassar at Paris (indeed, concerning bills of exchange, on which both the noble lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages:—

I sit here, my dear Macass, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno:* you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building, have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner—having nuts and port wine at three o'clock on Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately—his stout old wife went out to church—and there he sate, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass, and say, "Your health, old boy!" His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call

to live for—now you have, Macass. You're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about overcoming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence; coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old Macass, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears. I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—a very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bonâ fide* property of a gentleman, who, from continued ill-health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill-health, to part with him. Think, my dear Macass, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them: the last breakfasts: the last fricassee of chicken: the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is "gay and lively" now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months old—it's heartrending. Ain't it?

What degree of ill-health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bonâ fide* darling? This invalid's ill-health is "continuous," the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? Does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little blacknosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as

delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! Poor poor Master!

Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red-waistcoat pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wideawake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentleman at the "White Bear." Puggy in the Quadrant—Puggy in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgarest manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant!—Oh don't—I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug-keeping make a man of naturally robust habit ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price—you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease. You lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in Homer, how they were made to dogs a prey. Here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear Macassar! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of

Your affectionate

SWELLMORE.

The Marquess of Macassar.

(*October* 1851.)

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION

AS a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, Mr. PUNCH, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained prizes at the Exposition of 1851

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which, if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, Mr. PUNCH offers for the present week the following biographies and portraits.

Mr. Podgers is the eldest son, though the *third child,* of Major Podgers, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded, on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married Bella, seventh daughter of Sir Muffton Wroggles, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of Wroggles, or Worogles, has been lo-

cated since the days of Alfred. The Podgers family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. Mr. Podgers received his elementary education under the care of the Reverend Doctor Grig, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of Doctor Parr, Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals were studying there. It does not appear that Master Podgers took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

SAMUEL PODGERS, ESQUIRE, EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE

Mr. Podgers was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Iffley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to Mr. Podgers's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. Mr. Podgers is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by Emily, daughter of the Reverend Felix Rabbits) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularise this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

Mr. Podgers's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has often been heard to say, that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is three score years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.

Mrs. Glinders retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. Mr. Glinders, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical

practitioner at Bath. Mr. Fitzroy Glinders, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief

MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE

part of the existence of Mrs. Glinders has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the Reverend Mr. Fiddlebury, which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, who married Miss Bluff. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss Glinders 500*l.* for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin the (then) young Fitzroy Glinders, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family, and indeed Mr. Glinders's *quiver* is so full of them, that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. Glinders. The thoughtless chimney-

sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane, sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition, is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied Mrs. Glinders two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was 17*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, Mrs. Glinders thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that Mr. Glinders would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. Glinders under these disappointments: and for the sake of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."

Horatio Nelson Slamcoe was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother, having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed; hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. Slamcoe were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the

labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of Horatio Slamcoe toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. Slamcoe learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier. At twenty-one years of age, Mr. Slamcoe had the honour of attending at L–mb–th Palace, with a wig, made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. Professor S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As Napoleon crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that Horatio Slamcoe dubbed him-

PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—"A KALONATURÆ," OR "SLAMCOE'S GENT'S OWN HEAD OF HAIR"

self Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted Continental travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by Columbus before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentrifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonaturæ, or Gent's Own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal, is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of *rival wig-makers* (enemies of Mr. Slamcoe through life) which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's has through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from *guessing* what ravages grief has caused, and manly pride would hide; though *it will scarcely* be credited, the Professor's *own* hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour *solely* to the Carthaginian discovery.

(*November* 1851.)

VERSES

VERSES

THE FLYING DUKE

"SAY, whose can yonder chariot be,
That thunders on so fast?
And who was he that sat within?
I marked him as he past."

"'Twas Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
Who in that chariot sat,
All in his martial cloak, and in
His proudly-plumed cocked-hat."

"Not Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
That poster fierce could be,
Nor yet a living nobleman:
Some Demon Duke is he."

"'Twas he—to Folkestone he is bound,
To town by rail to wend;
Wherefrom to Windsor he must hie,
A Council to attend."

With whizz and whistle, snort and puff,
The Duke is borne to town,
Nor stops until near London Bridge
The train hath set him down.

There waits a Brougham on Wellington:
To Apsley House he flies,
Whereat a messenger in red
Doth meet his Grace's eyes.

"How now, thou scarlet messenger!
Thy tidings briefly tell."
"The Queen invites your grace to dine
To-morrow."
"Very well."

To Paddington by cab, to Slough
By steam—away, away!
To Windsor, thence, he goes by fly;
But there he must not stay—

For that his grace at Walmer hath
A tryst this night to keep;
And he hath warned his serving-men
He shall be back to sleep.

The Council's o'er; back posts his grace,
As fast as fast might be.
Hurrah! hurrah! well speeds the Duke—
He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes; again away
The noble Duke is gone
To Folkestone, and to London Bridge,
And thence to Paddington.

"Away, away to Paddington,
As fast as ye can drive;
'Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine;
Be there by half-past five."

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped,
And Paddington is won.
"How, office-swain, about the train?"
"'Tis just this instant gone."

"Your grace, we just have missed the train,
It grieveth me to say."
"To Apsley House!" then cried the Duke,
"As quickly as you may."

The loud halloo of "Go it, you!"
Beneath the gas-light's glare,
O'er wood and stone they rattle on,
As fast as they can tear.

On, on they went, with hue and cry,
Until the Duke got home,
The axle-trees on fire well nigh,
The horses in a foam.

Out stepp'd the Duke, serene and cool,
And calmly went upstairs,
And donn'd the dress, the which, at Court,
He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time
To make my toilet there;
So thus the hour I will employ,
Which I, perforce, must spare.

"What is't o'clock?" "Your grace, near seven."
"Then bear me hence again;
And mark me—this time take good care
You do not miss the train."

Off, off again, the coachman drives,
With fury fierce and fell,
'Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,
And oath, and scream, and yell.

To right and left a way they cleft
Amid the bustling throng;
While, meteor-like, the carriage-lamps
Flash'd as they flew along.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the station's nigh.
"What ho, there! Shout amain!
Here comes the Duke, he's going down;
Give word to stop the train."

The engineer and stoker hear;
Duke Arthur takes his place;
Behold him now, on way to Slough,
Borne at a whirlwind's pace.

"At Slough who stops?" His Grace out pops,
His ticket is resigned,
"To Windsor haste, like felon chased,
Or I shall be behind."

Off bounds the hack, while, far aback,
The night-hawk plies his wing;
The race is run, the Castle's won,
"Come, this is just the thing."

At half-past eight, for Queens don't wait,
The noble guests appear
In banquet-hall; and of them all
The Duke brings up the rear.

MORAL

"'Tis money," as the proverb says,
"That makes the mare to go."
The Duke has cash to cut a dash;
Would we could all do so!

(*November* 1843.)

MR. SMITH AND MOSES

A VETERAN GENT, just stepped out of a boat,
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
And that was the Palace of Moses and Son.

A respectable dame with the mariner went,
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder on seeing the mansion of Moses and Son.

"I've look'd upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor!"
This party exclaimed. "What a great sum of money it sure must have cost Messrs. Moses and Son!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,
"This house is well known through the universe wide;
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son."

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place:
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

"What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man?"
E. Moses exclaimed: "You shall pay what you can;
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one;
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son."

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart:
"A vest, coat, and trousers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plaît,* Messieurs Moses and Son.

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a
Br——m;
And in such a great hurry, from P–r–s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son."

"Dear sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"
So one brought the patterns, another the tape;
And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,
The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
"—Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in Surrey."
The cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by Moses and Son.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry "What a very respectable cove!"
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son.

Now who was this "veteran gent," sirs, E. Moses,
Although he may "guess," yet he never discloses.
Do you wish to know more, gents? if you do, why then run
To Aldgate and ask of E. Moses and Son.

(*March* 1848.)

THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER

Mr. Punch, Sir,—The abuv is the below ritten Pome, on a subjec of grate delicasy, wich as a butler, I feel it a disgrase to the cloth that any man calling hisself a butler should go for to git wind on false pretences, and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last), from Richmond; and in justice to self and feller servants have expressed my feelins in potry, wich as you ave prevously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman (and also a pleaceman), I think you ave a right to find a plaice for a pome by a butler, wich I beg to subscribe myself your constant reder.

John Corks.

14 *Lushington Place West, Belgravy.*

IT'S all of one John George Montresor,
And Briggs, Esquire, his master kind;
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,
Were Briggs, Esquire, he did reside,
This wicked John druv in a urry,
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller
To Mister Ellis did remark,
Briggs ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park;

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,
  Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.,
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
  Get out the wind without the kee.

So Missis B. she would be werry
  Much obliged if e'd send in
Arf a dozen best brown sherry,
  And single bottel 'Ollans gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
  This wicked butler went and told,
Whereby for nothink to get glorious,
  Wich so he did, and grew more bold.

Until, at last grown more audashus,
  He goes and orders, wat d'ye think?
He goes and orders, goodness grashus,
  Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
  For that he'd Briggses wine enuff—
But, wen the sherry bins was sinkin
  He filled 'em with this *nasty stough.*

And Briggs, Esquire, at is own tabel
  (To rite such things my art offends)
Might ave to drink, if he was abul,
  Marsaly wind, hisself and frends!

But praps John ne'er to tabel brort it,
  And used it in the *negus* line;
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,
  Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson
This villin plaid these orrid games.
For butlers to commit such treson,
I'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last;
So Briggs, Esquire, at last commenses
To find his wind goes werry fast.

Once, when the famly gev a party,
Shampain, in course, the bankwet crown'd;
And Briggs, Esquire, so kind and arty,
He ordered John to and it round.

No wind in general's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When Briggs, on tastin, found the licker
Was British arf-a-crown Shampain!

That they'd not drink it was no wunder,
A dredful look did Briggs assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.

Then, rushin edlong to the cellar,
Regardless if he broke is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
Had been a playin with the binns.

Of all his prime old sherry, raelly
There wasent none to speke of there,
And Mr. Ellis's Marsaly
Was in the place the sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
  Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,
By the small akount of Mr. Ellis.
  For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And, not content with thus embezzlin
  His master's wind, the skoundrel had
The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
  An' a doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
  As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor ad up for his conduc dirty,
  And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers
  Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This int accept—If you ave cellars,
  Always to mind the kee yourselves.

(*February* 1849.)

"SPEC" AND "PROSER" PAPERS

(NOT PREVIOUSLY REPRINTED)

"SPEC" AND "PROSER" PAPERS

TRAVELS IN LONDON

HE had appointed me in Saint James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes' day; and I found the venerable man at the hour and at the place assigned looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children: who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nursery-maid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and, hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend Mr. PUNCH and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind, at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as Mr. PUNCH's Commissioner in various countries; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to China, or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable—or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where PUNCH's Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humorous description?

"My dear Spec," said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, "you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now?—of the Mexican wars?—of the row in Switzerland? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri? Do you know a man who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfin, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!" and he yawned so portentously as he spoke, that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise One continued,—"You are fond of dabbling in the fine arts, Mr. Spec—now pray, sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?"

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of Heliogabalus, I owned that nobody—

"Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas everyone examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, 'Law, Ma! if it ain't a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;' or, 'Mercy me! here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm,' &c. &c. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before. Do you mark me, Spec? In print, as

in art, sir, they like to recognise Alderman Blogg." He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life; the little children gathered round the column; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond light; the carriages and flunkeys gathered round Howell and James's; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

"You want to travel?" said he, whisking his bamboo. "Go and travel there, sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, sir; or yonder footman's calves; or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (my Lord Bishop, how do you do?). Describe anything—anybody. Consider your journey is begun from this moment; and left foot forward—March!" So speaking, my benefactor gave me a playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenæum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bid me to explore.

I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, how am I to grapple with a subject so tremendous? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink and a patronising request for a little trifle, which made me turn away from him and

push rapidly forward. "How do I know, my boy," thought I, inwardly, "but that in the course of my travels, I may be called upon to examine *you*—to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years—to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life? How am I to get the clue to that secret?" He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles—the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark-purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. "Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chestnut front—there is not one of you," thought I, "but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of Mr. PUNCH."

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot-shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful

significance—a fast-looking little fellow in check trousers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar chest in Mr. Alvarez's shop—Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an Havanna as if you were a Grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. "Not one of these," says I, "but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;" and I did not even look at the fast young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down Saint Albans Place, where the noble H. P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin-shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant, the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the hansoms were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse, was locked in with Doctor Bullfrog's purple brougham, and a cartful of window-frames and shop-fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-caldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out "Now then, stoopid!" over all. "Am I to describe all these, I thought; to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my Master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the deuce am I to travel in London?" I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortes, when with eagle's eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in What-d'ye-call-'em. And I wandered on and on.

"Well met," said a man, accosting me. "What is the matter, Spec? Is your banker broke?"

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of Saint Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission, and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. "Mr. PUNCH is right," said he. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid."

"Tea-kettle! tea-kettle yourself," says I. "How to begin is the question."

"Begin?" says he, "begin this instant. Come in here with me;" and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing.

SPEC.

(*November* 1847.)

TRAVELS IN LONDON

A CLUB IN AN UPROAR

THE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this city. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told, or all the opinions which have been uttered there.

As a Revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs, that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard-of members, of whose faces not the *habitués,* not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week, our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say her Majesty's Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other Coburgs are crowded two or three in a room; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that Louis Philippe himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from her Majesty's table. I had the story from Bowyer of the Megatherium, who had seen and recognised the ex-King as he was looking into the palace garden, from a house in Grosvenor Place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués,* of the quiet library arm-chair occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broad-sheets. Old Doctor Pokey (who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific. Members pounce on the newsboys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement. Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trousers and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent go up to Colonel the Honourable Otto Dillwater of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about Louis

Feelip, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under-Secretary of State and General de Boots listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little Bob Noddy, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.) when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old Mr. Pugh himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the steward, actually came down and was seen reading the *Observer,* so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young Biffin was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while Gullet was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged to have a dummy. Captain Trumpington could not be brought to play that night; and Pamm himself

trumped his partner's lead, and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When Dicky Cuff came in, from his excellency Lord Pilgrimstone's evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story, and his private information: and several of these tales I took down.

"*Saturday, five o'clock.*—Jawkins has just come from the City. The French Rothschild has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin. A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine-and-fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint-Denis. The coin was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny-piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hôtel de Ville.

"Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

"Blankley comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realised, and is in a frantic state of terror. 'The miscreants!' he says. 'The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *Sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! Cobden was in a league with the Revolutionary Government when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—

butchered, and our property confiscated. Cobden ought to be impeached and hanged. Lord John Russell ought to be impeached and hanged. Hope Guizot will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head.'—N.B. Blankley was a Liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of Tom Paine in his study.

"Towzer arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fishwoman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. Lamartine has been beheaded. The forts have declared for the King and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

"Captain Shindy says, 'Nonsense! no such thing.' A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The King and Family are at Versailles. The two Chambers have followed them thither, and Marshal Bugeaud has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning: and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

"Pipkinson arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant churches; a guard is placed over them. It is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. Lady Lunchington only escaped by writing 'Veuve d'O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that Guizot is killed. Lamartine and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live: the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the world.

"Bouncer—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under Lamoricière. No harm has been done to Leopold. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under General Bedeau will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

"Bowyer has just come from Mivart's, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions, for the Countess of Landsfeld, for the King of Bavaria, who is sure to follow immediately, and for all the French Princes, and their suite and families."

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week, while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends! wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth?—as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics; as a great monarch, a Minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard turning tail and sneaking away; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible, and merciful, undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history, where small men were so great, and great ones so little? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous

race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost; of Ulysses shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his wig? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning, or wear sackcloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug: Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere: and there is no To-morrow for the world.

SPEC.

(*March* 1848.)

TRAVELS IN LONDON

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE

YOUNG HENGIST having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and being now mercifully restored to my armchair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

Hengist lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whity-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors—(by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry)—the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flintstones. Missis's neat lit-

tle brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flagstones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A brand-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighbourhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk, with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads Lady Barbara Macraw downstairs, the Earl of Strathbungo's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and

smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his Club.

I don't wonder: I once dined with young Hengist, at his father's, Major-General Sir Hercules Hengist, K.C.B., and of all the—but hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck-up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of Mr. James's novels—the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde moustache just shading his upper lip, &c.—We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses: we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road, which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the

board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Stingo. The pillars of the damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whity-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush: and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer-jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of "Sulsh" is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is Sulsh? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Marylebone Workhouse, opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is Baker Street; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Parkward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street; Tressel Place, and Pall Street—dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book, instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud City-wards,

and the rapid cabs with canvas-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny 'buses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents: from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the Dead March in "Saul" almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! we have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists;

one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and Hengist as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down—is he hurt?—He is up again—it is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.

(*March* 1848.)

THE PROSER:

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO

ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE

AS he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance in all thoroughfares and public places of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neck-cloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half-a-dozen of them, these honest Continentals march through the city and its environs, examine Nelson on his indescribable pillar, the Duke of York impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks, le tunnel* (*monument du génie Français*), Greenwich *avec son parc et ses whites-bates, les monuments de la cité, les Squarrs du West End,* &c. The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now amongst us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass *une semaine à Londres,* and of chronicling the

doings and opinions of the party. His excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and Lieutenant Futty Jung, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, Houses of Parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replaces them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon;* and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richemont or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while Lord Stanley's questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake

of mine,[1] would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dulness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues,* so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmoset. They can't crack any of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called "Une Semaine à Londres," intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirise the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. Gautier—so had M. Valentino—the first of whom saw "vases chiselled by Benvenuto" in the pot from which Mrs. Jones at Clapham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of "Une Semaine à Londres" had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see: he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwidg;* he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners in behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, by reading an article in the *Times* newspaper

[1] A Jew named Pacifico, who claimed compensation for damage done to his property in a riot at Athens in 1847.

last week, on Citizen Ledru Rollin's work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and by a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man since the days of Pittet-cobourg has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will—not O'Connell himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corrupter (roars our friend); it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!); that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making "Rule Britannia" resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, "This is England," that is no

reason that the portrait should be like. Mr. Spec, for instance, who tried to draw Erminia as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with Spec and Erminia, so with Ledru and Britannia. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is Ledru to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently? I have for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of Mr. Rollin, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-a-dozen sentences in the *Times*. When Macaulay was busy with his great chapters on King William, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-

hand, the despatches of the Prince of Orange. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history? Can Thiers read a page of Napier? No more than Ledru can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from Lord John Manners to Mr. Julian Harney.

How many houses has Ledru visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves? Is he intimate with any three English families? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working man? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle:* did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch,* gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinner at a French *table-d'hôte,* where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat and grumble; that he goes to a French *café,* or coffee-shop, used by Frenchmen, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at an hotel in Leicester Place where there is a billiard- and a smoking-room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre.*

Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage, standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. "Thou hireling soldier" (says he, folding his arms against the statue and knitting his brows with an awful air), "thou shuddering Cimbrian slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen Caius Marius, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of," &c. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him. The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to Marius: he is Chowler, and has got to "chaw up" Peel. The next can't listen: he is Cobden, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive Captain Aaron Smith, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged: it is Lord Ashley, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives Marius a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, Author of "The Mysteries of London" and "The People's Instructor," who is going to beard Lord John at the meeting, and ask his lordship what his lord-

ship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about Marius? Get along, Marius, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, Marius, and don't block up the way.

(*June* 1850.)

ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER

AS you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium, or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by Hadji Babas and Persian Princes; by Ledru Rollins or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in Saint Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading Ledru Rollin's book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked and warped and dingy old estaminet

looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of Mr. Parker Willis; and seized eagerly, at a railway station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of "People I have Met." Parker Willis is no other than that famous and clever N. P. Willis of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at Willis the poet, Willis the man, Willis the dandy, Willis the lover—now the Broadway Crichton, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done.

"There is more or less of truth," he nobly says, "in every one of the stories" which he narrates here in "People I have Met"—more or less, to be sure there is

—and it is on account of this more or less of truth that I, for my part, love and applaud this hero and poet so; and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read Willis. We live in our country and don't know it; Willis walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her grace within: whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had one time or the other a despanels and her grace within: whereas the odds are that she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coroneted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at Gunter's, or to sip an ice at Howell and James's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters. When the female English aristocracy read this title of "People I have Met," I can fancy the whole female peerage of Willis's time in a shudder: and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, "Gracious goodness! is the monster going to show up *me?*"

"The greater number of his stories," Willis says, "embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by conversance with the circles in which they moved"—and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers.

We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask everybody to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of Lady P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one Brown, an American (though, under that modest mask of Brown, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): Brown arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he "began with a most noble Duke" (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly "on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair."

"As I was calling myself to account the other day over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a *toujours perdrix*, even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards and follow up the trump.

"'JOHN MIMPSON, Esquire, *House of* Mimpson *and* Phipps, *Mark Lane, London.*'

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson."

After a "dialogue of accost," Brown produced his introductory letter to Mimpson, whom he finely describes as having that *"highly-washed look* peculiar to London City men;" and Mimpson asked Brown to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a "poshay" with "a pair of Newman's posters." Brown might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least; but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

"Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but,

to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other commonplaces, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"'Hand this to Miss Armstrong,' said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"'Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir.'

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a curtsey as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas the footman! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. Mimpson."

There's a rascal for you! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if Mrs. Mimpson had to receive every Brown in London—ye gods! what was she to do?), walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with Mimpson's sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for Miss Bellamy, to whom Thomas

introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky Brown possesses, and on the strength of which Brown sneers at Mimpson, sneers at Mrs. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and consumes a bottle of champagne! Come, Brown! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair; but isn't this *un peu fort,* my boy? If Mrs. Mimpson, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear Brown, was not likely to do away with Mrs. M.'s little prejudices? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him; and deferentially think, Brown, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that Mrs. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment Brown, through one of the patronesses, Lady X, "the best friend he has," could get as many tickets as he wished; and that, to punish Mrs. Mimpson for her rudeness, and reward Miss Bellamy for her kindness, Brown got tickets for Miss Bellamy and *her* mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss Mimpson and hers —a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

(*July* 1850.)

A LIST OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In preparing this List of Thackeray's characters (confined to his fiction, and not including names in the poems, or in the sketches, burlesques and essays, even when these enter the borderland of the story), the greatest latitude has been given to the interpretation of the word "character." Many of the persons indexed here, for instance, play no part whatever in the action, but are casually mentioned in those references to fictitious members of the general society surrounding his *dramatis personæ*, those lists of people present at some function, etc., in which Thackeray was as ready as Balzac, and happier, because lighter-handed. Others are the merest supernumeraries. None have been otherwise than accidentally omitted, however; the editor believing that, with Thackeray's inexhaustible ingenuity in this kind of invention, such a list will have an interest outside its ordinary purpose in recalling the origin of many a name that has clung in the memory without regard to its importance or association — simply because of its inimitable aptness, or because it places a type for all future use.

In every case the list gives only the chapter of the novel or the title of the short story in which the name of the character *first* occurs; it is not an index to incidents. But where a character reappears in more than one of several separate works, this fact is of course noted.

A LIST OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS[1]

ABEDNEGO, Mr.
Great Hoggarty Diamond, Chap. 2
Cox's Diary. The Finishing Touch

ABRAMS, Moss
Pendennis, Chap. 45
The Newcomes, Chap. 9

ACOSTA
Paris Sketch Book. Little Poinsinet

ADAMS
Christmas Books. Our Street (Some of the Servants)

ADAMS, Grocer
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 42

ADDISON, Mr. JOSEPH
Henry Esmond, Book 1, Chap. 6
The Virginians, Chap. 41
Catherine, Chap. 5

ÆACUS, Sir JOHN
Christmas Books. The Kicklebury's

AIGUILLON, Duke of
The Virginians, Chap. 65

AILESBURY, Lord
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 7

AIMES, Mr.
Henry Esmond, Book 1, Chap. 14

ALDERNEY, Mrs. and Master
Vanity Fair, Chap. 64

ALDGATE
The Diary of De la Pluche
The Fatal Boots. August

ALLYCOMPANE, Marquis of
Cox's Diary. Striking a Balance

ALMAVIVA, Count
The Newcomes, Chap. 31

ALTAMONT, Col. (AMORY—ARMSTRONG)
Pendennis, Chap. 25

ALTAMONT, Mr. FREDERIC
Yellowplush Papers. Miss Shum's Husband

AMÉNAÏDE, Mme.
Catherine, Chap. 10

AMHERST, Gen.
The Virginians, Chap. 78

AMINADAB, Mr.
Great Hoggarty Diamond, Chap. 10
Men's Wives. The Ravenswing, Chap. 1

AMORY, Miss BLANCHE (BETSY)
Pendennis, Chap. 22
The Newcomes, Chap. 24

AMORY, Mr.
Pendennis, Chap. 22

AMOS, Messrs.
The Virginians, Chap. 46

ANATOLE
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 25
Pendennis, Chap. 39
Cox's Diary. A New Drop-Scene at the Opera

ANCASTER, Duke of
The Virginians, Chap. 15
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 17

ANCEL, EDWARD
Paris Sketch Book. The Story of Mary Ancel

ANCEL, Father JACOB
Paris Sketch Book. The Story of Mary Ancel

ANCEL, MARY
Paris Sketch Book. The Story of Mary Ancel

ANCEL, PIERRE
Paris Sketch Book. The Story of Mary Ancel

ANDREW (MONTFITCHET. See also FITCH, ANDREA)
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 3

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ANGELICA, Princess
Christmas Books. The Rose and the Ring, Chap. 1

ANSON
The Virginians, Chap. 7

ANTOINE, M.
Paris Sketch Book. Little Poinsinet

ARAIGNAY, Count D'
Fitz-Boodle Papers. Confessions

ARBIN, SAMUEL
Denis Duval, Chap. 7

ARBUTHNOT, Dr.
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 5

ARCHER, Mr.
Pendennis, Chap. 30

ARGYLE, Duke of
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 12

ARIANE, Marquise
The Newcomes, Chap. 28

ARIANE, Mlle.
Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball

ARMSTRONG, Dean (of Winchester)
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 6

ARMSTRONG, Mr.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 36

ARMYTAGE, Sir JOHN
The Virginians, Chap. 62

ARNOLD, Mr.
The Virginians, Chap. 89

ARRAN, Lord
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 4

ASCOT, Marquis of
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 1

ASHBURNHAM, Lord
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 15

ATTERBURY, Mr.
Henry Esmond, Book 1, Chap. 14

ATTWOOD, JACK
Paris Sketch Book. A Gambler's Death

AUGUSTE
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 19

AUGUSTINE, Mlle.
A Shabby Genteel Story, Chap. 7

AUTUN, Bishop of
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 3

AUVERQUERQUE, VAELT-MARESCHAL
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 15

AVORY, Capt.
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 5

AXMINSTER, Lord
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 5

AYLIFFE, Mr.
Pendennis, Chap. 28

AYMÉ, Mr.
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 11

BACKHOUSE, Dr.
The Virginians, Chap. 81

BACKHOUSE, Master
Christmas Books. Dr. Birch

BACKYSTOPPER
The Newcomes, Chap. 47

BACON, Lady and the Misses AMELIA, LEONORA, and MARIA
Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball

BACON, Mr.
Pendennis, Chap. 31

BACON, Mrs.
Pendennis, Chap. 34

BACON, Sir GILES and Master GILES
Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball

BADEN, Prince of
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 8

BADGE, Miss (Mrs. MACKSHANE)
The Virginians, Chap. 78

BADGER, Mr.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 22

BAGGES, Lady
The Newcomes, Chap. 26

BAGGS
The Diary of De La Pluche

BAGGS, Mrs.
Bluebeard's Ghost

BAGO, Mr.
Yellowplush Papers. Miss Shum's Husband

BAGS, Miss
The Newcomes, Chap. 28

BAGSHOT, Mr. and Mrs.
The Newcomes, Chap. 11

BAGWIG, Lord
Pendennis, Chap. 8
The Newcomes, Chap. 39
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 1
Great Hoggarty Diamond, Chap. 3
Yellowplush Papers. Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew
Capt. Rook and Mr. Pigeon

BAINES, Mr. and Misses EUPHEMIA and FLORA
The Newcomes, Chap. 27

BAKER, Capt. CLARENCE
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 3

BAKER, EMMA
Pendennis, Chap. 47

BAKER, Lady
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

BAKER, Mr.
The Newcomes, Chap. 22

BAKER, Sir POPHAM, Lady, and CECILIA
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

BALDENSTIERN, Countess
Men's Wives. The Ravenswing, Chap. 6

BALDERSON
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 34

BALIBARI, Chevalier DE
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 7

BALLANCE, Squire
Catherine, Chap. 6

BALLARD
The Newcomes, Chap. 28

BALLIOL, The Misses
The Newcomes, Chap. 39

BALLS, Mr.
Pendennis, Chap. 29
Men's Wives. The Ravenswing, Chap. 1
Great Hoggarty Diamond, Chap. 10

BALLYBUNNION, Lord
The Diary of De La Pluche

BALLYHOOLEY, Lord
Capt. Rook and Mr. Pigeon

BALLYRAGGET, Marquis of
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 14

BALLYSHANNON, Marquis of
The Newcomes, Chap. 10

BAMBOROUGH, Lord
The Virginians, Chap. 32

BAMBURY, Dr.
The Newcomes, Chap. 52

BANBURY, Lady
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 9

BANGBANAGHER, Lord
Pendennis, Chap. 30

BANGHAM, Mr.
Pendennis, Chap. 52

BAPTISTE, M.
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 9

BAR, Mr.
Cox's Diary. The Announcement

BARBAROSSA, Father
Pendennis, Chap. 22

BARBEAU, M.
The Virginians, Chap. 25

BARBER
The Newcomes, Chap. 13

BARBER, Master
A Legend of The Rhine, Chap. 1

BAREACRES, Lord and Lady
Vanity Fair, Chap. 28
Pendennis, Chap. 2
The Newcomes, Chap. 60

(Lord)
The Diary of De la Pluche
A Little Dinner at Timmins's, Chap. 5

BARKER
The Newcomes, Chap. 18

BARKER, Mr. and Mrs.
Pendennis, Chap. 15

BARKER, Mrs.
The Virginians, Chap. 1
Denis Duval, Chap. 7

BARKER, Tom
The Newcomes, Chap. 21
The Virginians, Chap. 55

BARKHAM, The Misses
The Newcomes, Chap. 9

BARKINS
The Newcomes, Chap. 52

BARLOW, Mr.
Denis Duval, Chap. 8

BARNABY
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 40

BARNARD, Dr. and Mrs.
Denis Duval, Chap. 3

BARNES, GEORGE
The Newcomes, Chap. 37

BARNES, Mr.
Denis Duval, Chap. 6

BARNET
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 30
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

BAROSKI, Signor BENJAMIN
Men's Wives. The Ravenswing, Chap. 4

BARR, Vicomte de
Denis Duval, Chap. 1

BARRY, CORNELIUS (Chevalier BORQUE)
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 1

BARRY, HARRY
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 1

BARRY, Mr.
The Virginians, Chap. 59

BARRY, REDMOND
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 1

BARRY, RORY
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 1

BARTENSTEIN, Lieut.
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 12

BARWELL, Miss and NABOB
The Virginians, Chap. 74

BARWISE, Lady
The Newcomes, Chap. 25

BASILIO, DON
The Newcomes, Chap. 31

BASS
Christmas Books. Our Street

BASSETS, The
The Virginians, Chap. 86

BATCHELOR, Mr.
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

BATEMAN, Lord
Cox's Diary. A Tournament

BATES, Dr.
The Fatal Boots. January

BATES, Mr.
Henry Esmond, Book 3, Chap. 12
Catherine, Chap. 5

BATESON, BOB
The Newcomes, Chap. 24

BATLEY, Mr.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 42

BATTERS
The Newcomes, Chap. 14

BATTERS, Mrs.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 22

BATTERSBY, STONEY
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 20

BATTS, Capt.
The Virginians, Chap. 28

BAUGHTON, Lady and Miss
The Newcomes, Chap. 19

BAUGHTON, Sir Curry
The Newcomes, Chap. 16

BAWLS, Rev. GIDEON
The Newcomes, Chap. 2

BAXTER, Mr.
Henry Esmond, Chap. 9

BAYHAM, FREDERICK
The Newcomes, Chap. 11
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 11

BAYHAM, Squire
The Newcomes, Chap. 11

BAYLE
Henry Esmond, Chap. 10

BAYNES, CARRICK, JANY, MARY, M'GRIGOR, MOIRA and OCHTERLONY
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 16

BAYNES, Col.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 14

BAYNES, Miss CHARLOTTE
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 16

BAYNES, Mrs.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 16

BEAKSBY, Mr.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 39

BEALES, Mr.
Denis Duval, Chap. 6

BEANFIELD, Sir GILES
Pendennis, Chap. 3

BEANS, Mr.
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 6

BEARDMORE, CHARLES
The Newcomes, Chap. 47

BEARDMORE, GEORGE
Fitz-Boodle Papers. Confessions

BEAUMORIS
Vanity Fair, Chap. 64
Christmas Books. Mrs. Perkins's Ball

BECK, Mrs.
Pendennis, Chap. 66

BECKFORD, Alderman
The Virginians, Chap. 86

BECKY (GANN's Maid)
A Shabby Genteel Story, Chap. 1.

BEDFORD, Dick
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

BEDFORD, Duke of
The Virginians, Chap. 42

Beinkleider, Mr. and Miss Gretchen
Catherine, Chap. 8

Bell, Laura (Pendennis)
Pendennis, Chap. 2

Bell, Rev. Francis
Pendennis, Chap. 8
Newcomes, Chap. 23

Belladonna, Countess
Vanity Fair, Chap. 64

Bellaston, Lady
The Virginians, Chap. 85

Bellenden, Miss
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

Bellew, Mr.
The Newcomes, Chap. 1

Bellman, Baptist
The Newcomes, Chap. 70

Bellminster, Lord
Henry Esmond, Chap. 11

Belman, Mr.
The Virginians, Chap. 86

Belper, Dr.
The Newcomes, Chap. 15

Belsize, Hon. Charles (Jack)
The Newcomes, Chap. 10

Belweather, Lady
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 23

Bénazet, M.
The Newcomes, Chap. 27

Bendigo, Mr.
Barry Lyndon, Chap. 19
Men's Wives. The Ravenswing, Chap. 5

Bennings, Alderman
Pendennis, Chap. 34

Benson, Miss
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 5

Benson, Molly (Mrs. Lambert)
The Virginians, Chap. 21

Benson, Mr.
The Virginians, Chap. 10

Bentivoglio, Mme.
Lovel the Widower, Chap. 1

Bentley, Dr.
Henry Esmond, Book 2, Chap. 10

Benton
The Adventures of Philip, Chap. 16

Benyon
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